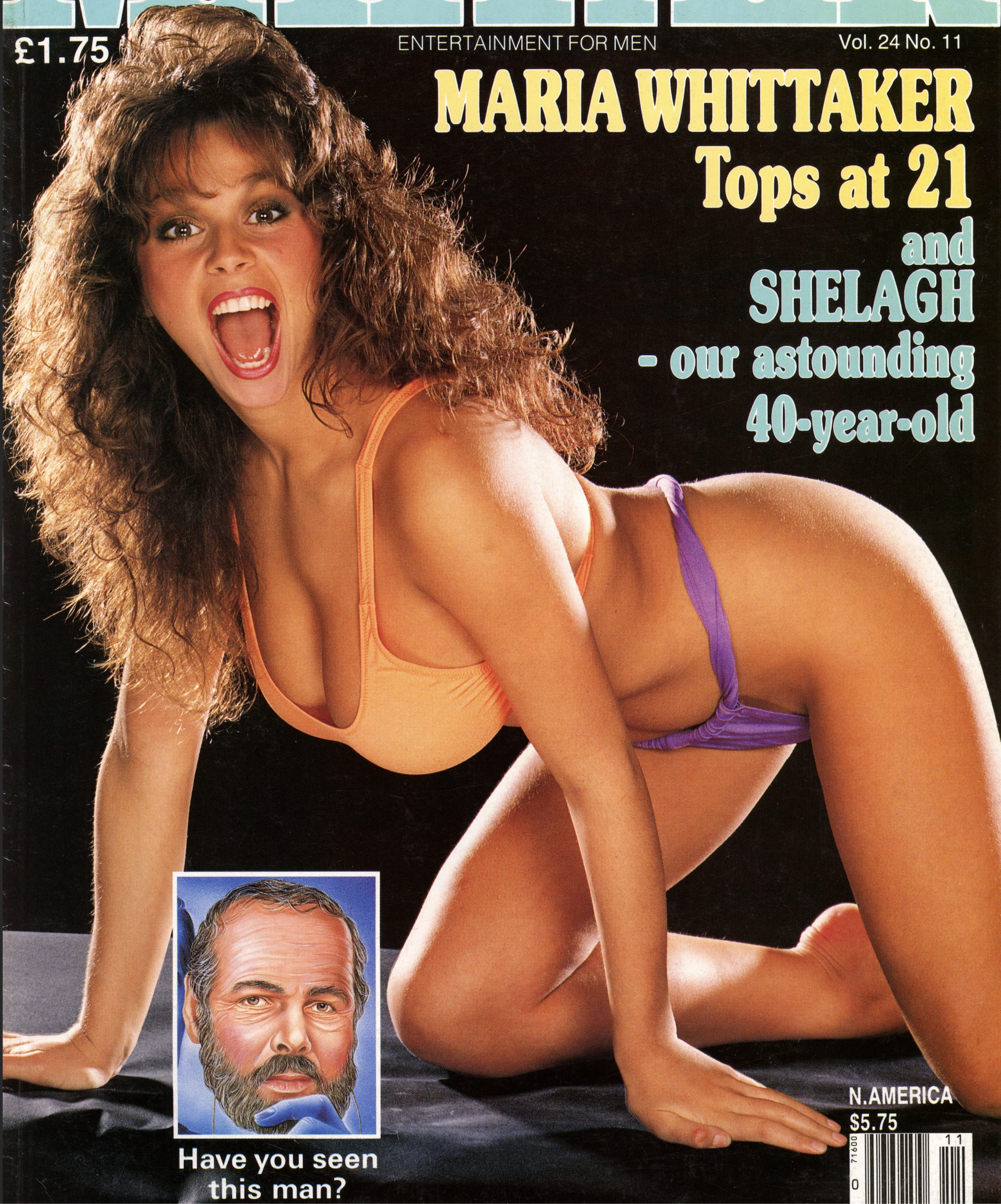
MAYFAIR

£1.75

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

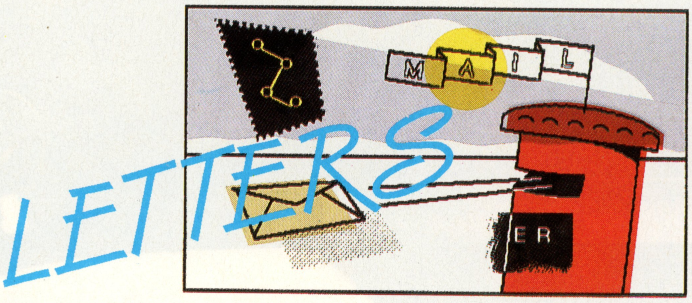
Vol. 24 No. 11



MARIA WHITTAKER
Tops at 21
and SHELAGH
- our astounding 40-year-old

Have you seen this man?

N.AMERICA
$5.75



We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 6 Great James Street, London, WC1N 3DA.

Dishy Debee

I've always been a big fan of Debee Ashby ever since she made her Page Three modelling debut some years ago. Admittedly she's never been the slimmest of girls, but she possesses a wanton charm I find absolutely irresistible. For this reason I eagerly brought the last edition of *Mayfair*, and boy oh boy, I wasn't disappointed. In a nut-shell, Debee looks absolutely stunning. Add to this the sexy 'come hither' look on her face, and I have to say this is without doubt my favourite set of the year so far. My girlfriend who (luckily for me) has never been the jealous type, happily agrees with me.

One last thing though, she keeps pestering me to ask you where Debee got that amazing leopard skin outfirt with the sexy slits up the side. If it has the same effect on my girlfriend as it does Debee, I'll be happy to buy it at any price, well almost any.

RB? Southampton

Well luckily for you, you won't have far to go for it because it came from a shop in Bournemouth specialising in outrageous gear called 'Beyond Belief.' If your wife looks as good in her leotard as Debee, send us some pictures.

Modest maids

I would like to express my appreciation to you for publishing the pictures of Annie Reed in Vol 24 No 10 I would also be grateful if you would forward my compliments to the lady herself. I was interested in her comments on her own appearance.

It is both an endearing and an infuriating trait of particularly nice girls that they refuse to regard themselves as either nice or beautiful. At least Annie seems to harbour a suspicion that she might be attractive, which is one step ahead of a very lovely cousin of mine who insists on fawning over a succession of male drips because she is frightened that she might be left without any sort of boyfriend at all.

I have tried without success to convince my cousin that she isn't in any danger of being abandoned by the male sex, and that she could actually set highly competitive standards for those seeking her favours. I would welcome ideas aimed at raising her standards, other than a policy of drip extermination which I have already considered. (And have not yet abandoned).

Although I am still very much attracted by the well built pretty girls, such as Carina Jensen, I find that the *Mayfair* Maids who have made the most lasting impression on me have been the trimmer variety. These include Ann Muir and Monica Seaton, as well as the adorable Annie Reed.

It's a pity that you no longer have a proper centre page that you could put Annie on, because she could make it onto my bedroom wall next to Anne Sparks. She is not quite so trim a lass, but your Anne Sparks centrefold was possibly the most erotic picture you've published, something about her eyes . . . can we have lots more of the same please?

MS, Bedfordshire

The extra spark . . .

I sometimes wonder if all your readers have never been given a blatant 'come-on' by a temp from the typing pool which led to a torrid romp in the stationery cupboard. Nor do I have a sultry, smouldering next door neighbour who invites me round on some DIY pretext for a quick bonk while her husband is away on the oil rigs. Nevertheless for my wife and I *Mayfair* has been a fixture of our lives for as long as we can remember. She reads it with the same interest as I look through her women's magazines every month, and over the years we have both enjoyed some excellent short stories, a couple of good jokes, and more than a few informative features. And if, en route, an extra spark has been added to our sex lives, then who's complaining? Certainly not me or my wife!

TF, Taunton

Only a few disgruntled oil rig workers.

More beach bums please

Many of your spreads feature girls in lingerie, at least to begin with, but over here in Australia we are more used to seeing beautiful girls on the beach in sexy costumes. Most red-blooded Australian men find this a real turn-on. Perhaps you could feature this in some of your issues — I am sure that your

turn to page 8

MAYFAIR

Incorporating King

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It was 12 years ago that Shelagh Harrison first appeared in *Mayfair*, this year she's 40 and making a reprise visit to our pages to celebrate it

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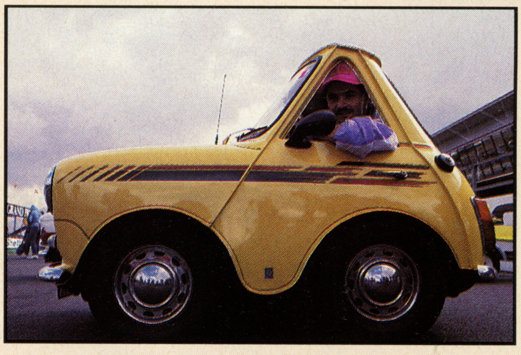
Ilan Voyager, seen as the passenger ship of the 1990's, looks destined to win the Blue Riband for Atlantic crossing



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Designed as the smallest car capable of fitting four adults, the Mini now is 30 years old

CENTRE GIRL

She's dominated the glamour scene for years, so it's hard to believe that she's only come of age this month — we celebrate marvellous Maria Whittaker's 21st birthday this month with a set which shows why she's been at the top for quite so long

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Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **Kenneth Sims** /Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Features Editor **David Jeffs** / Photo Editor **Tony Murray** / Production Editor **Sarah James** / Editorial Assistant **Fiona Whitty** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 6 Great James St, WC1N/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 1270 London Road, London SW16/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/

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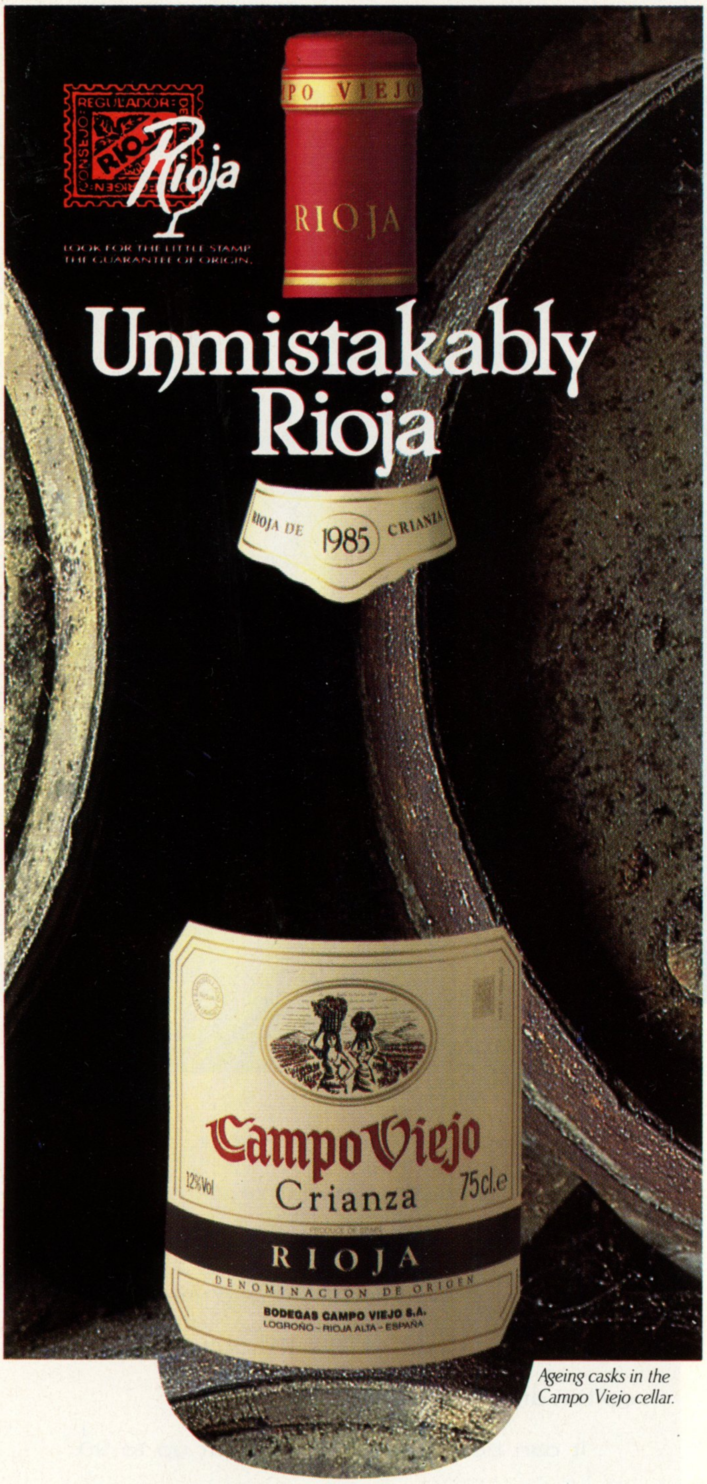


Ageing casks in the Campo Viejo cellar.

It takes years to produce a bottle of Campo Viejo. It takes moments to appreciate its taste.

Great Rioja is all a matter of time.

At Campo Viejo to make a bottle of 'Crianza' it takes some three years. First it mellows in oak casks, gaining its distinctive flavour. Next to give it the clear ruby colour it rests in storage tanks. Only then, to perfect the flavour, it spends six months in the bottle. Our 'Reserva' takes some 5 years before you get to enjoy it. And our 'Gran Reserva' takes 8 years to achieve its rich full bodied flavour.

So be it our 'Crianza' or our 'Gran Reserva', once you've tasted it you'll appreciate the time it's taken to make it.

Campo Viejo

Spain's No. 1 Rioja.

Cellar 5, William Morrisons Supermarkets, Gateway Supermarkets, Augustus Barnett, Meson Dona Ana Tapas Bar, Meson Don Felipe Tapas Bar and discerning wine merchants and tapas bars throughout the UK.

LETTERS

continued from page 6

British and European readers would also find this exciting.

There are some Australian magazines already doing this, but it would look so much better given the *Mayfair* treatment.

I don't believe that this is necessarily because British girls are more beautiful than their Aussie counterparts. The difference is more in the photographic quality of your magazine. You also seem to be able to get models more personally involved in the photographic session, rather than just taking a cold, impersonal approach. The results speak for themselves!

BS, Homebush, Australia

Sexy swimming gear may be found in the latest volume of Mayfair's Girls of Summer, now in its third edition. True enthusiasts may like to know that the first two volumes are still available from our backnumbers dept.

Computer dating

Truth is stranger than fiction I've always believed — even some of the imaginative fiction you feature in *Mayfair*!

Take, for example, your short story last month (Vol 24 No 10) about the girl and the computer. It was amazing, at first I thought somebody was writing about my own experience last summer.

Our office had just gone networked computer-wise. We'd had stand-alone ones before, but now we could pass messages to each other on screen.

Well, I came in one morning, switched on my monitor and checked my electronic mailbox; Apart from the usual work junk, there was one that said: 'MY YOU'RE LOOKING SEXY TODAY!!!'

Over the next couple of weeks I got a series of mysterious messages, each getting more intimate and enticing.

One read: 'I REALLY GO FOR YOU IN THAT CHARCOAL SUIT', another complained about a haircut I'd just had, saying 'NOW I CAN'T RUN MY LONG FINGERS THROUGH YOUR TANGLED LOCKS!' One even upbraided me for wearing a particularly loud tie.

After weeks of this I finally got the message I'd been waiting for: 'GUESSED WHO I AM YET? WANT TO MEET? SEE ME IN THE STATIONERY CUPBOARD ON THE FIRST FLOOR. 5.30.'

The stationery cupboard! It was such a cliché, but by now I was hooked. Come 5.30, I slipped nonchalantly down to the first floor, wondering all the time who, if anyone, would turn up.

Feeling a bit of a pillock, I walked inside, shutting the door behind me. A couple of minutes later the door opened again.

It was Stella (name changed), a girl from accounts and definitely one of the hopefuls on my list of suspects. She was 34, brunette, very curvy, and divorced.

She squeezed in next to me. 'Oh Rod (name changed),' she said, 'I'm so glad it was you . . . All those messages . . . You should have just asked me out.'

'Eh?' went my brain. But this was obviously no time for explanations as this forward little madam from accounts started fiddling with my zip. She slowly drew it down, sinking to her knees, and then took my tool into her mouth. Her lips stroked up and down my shaft, and I couldn't hold back a groan as she increased the tempo. Her eyes looked up at me knowingly as I came right down her throat.

It was only later, in a wine bar round the corner, that we got to compare notes. Somebody, who'd she assumed was me when I turned up in the stationery cupboard, had been sending her anonymous computer messages too.

We never found out who the messages really came from, though I still have my suspicions. Whoever it was, I owe him or her several stiff drinks — not just for my initial encounter with Stella either, we're still going strong today.

RP, Tooting, London

Two up, two down

I very much enjoyed the letter from KC in Vol 24 No 9. Not only was it nice to read a story in which the estate agent got shafted for a change, but it also reminded me of the first house I bought.

I was a young man about town in those days, just earning enough to scrape together a mortgage on a one-bedroom flat, currently owned by a young couple, who were moving to a bigger place before starting a family.

What with all the surveys, measuring up and so on, I got to know the couple quite well. He, George, was a bit of an old stuffed shirt, forever pontificating on something or other. His wife, Madge, was a different proposition altogether. God knows how they came to be married.

She was a slim, sexy little piece of about 26, with long dark hair and a

turn to page 114

Mayfair, vol.24, no.11 (Nov 1989)
Cover:

Cover model: Maria Whittaker | thread
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

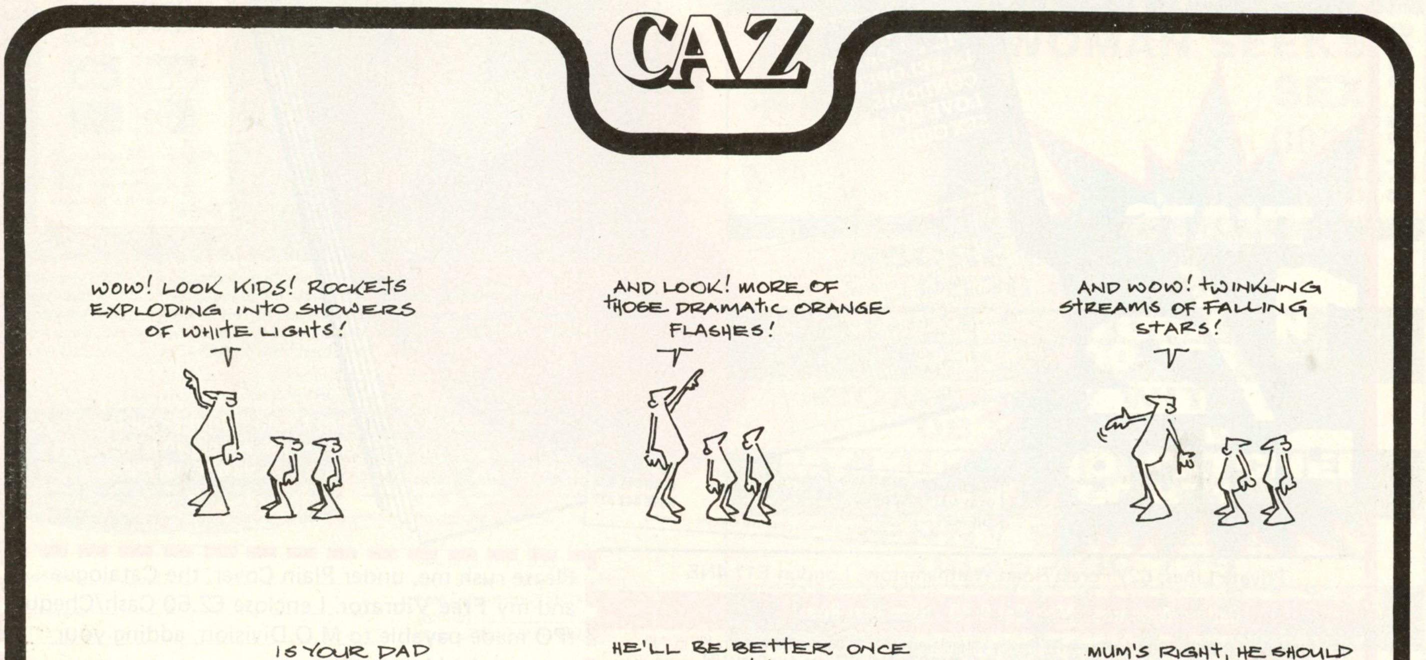
- Angela Worthing
- Belinda Hall
- Hazel Collins
- Kate Hewletson
    1. post [partial]
    2. post
    3. post
- Maria Whittaker, GotM | thread
    1. post
- Sabrina Bryant as Jane Sutton | thread
    1. post
- Shelagh Harrison
    1. post
- Sonja Martin as Philippa Andrews
    1. post

LETTERS

continued from page 8
bust that looked over developed for her slight figure.
The day before I was going to put my offer in officially, which they assured me was only a formality, I popped in to measure up curtain space.
Madge was in on her own, which wasn't unusual. Her reception of me, however, was. She was a lot colder and more aloof than I'd seen her before.
'I'm sorry, Tom,' she told me. 'We've had a better offer, so we're putting the price up.'
I was devastated. I was already mortgaged up to the hilt just trying to afford the original price. There was no way I could get any more.
Madge noticed my distress and softened a fair bit. She put her arm on my shoulder and said: 'If you could put down a deposit now, I'm sure I could talk George round.'
I tried to explain that I hadn't any money on me, even my cheque book was back in my bedsit.
She smiled and suddenly looked a lot older and considerably more sophisticated than her 26 years. 'Who mentioned money?' she said. I was stunned. In minutes I'd gone from my world falling apart, to being led gently upstairs by this very sexy young housewife. Once upstairs she lay back on her bed, wriggled her knickers off, without removing her skirt and said. 'Well what *are* you waiting for? Persuade me . . .'
She mumbled something about a 'down' payment and pulled my head between her thighs, bunching her skirt up as we went.
She moaned and wriggled as my tongue went to work on her. I thought I was going to suffocate as she came the first time, thrusting herself up to meet my lapping tongue. Recovering slightly, she began to unzip me, saying she wanted 'to view my desirable property'.
She then guided me into her and I rode her furiously, by now I was long past worrying about my mortgage. I came fairly quickly the first time, and she made if fairly obviously that she wanted it again pretty rapidly.
The second time was better for both of us, and she clutched at my backside as I finally climaxed inside her, and she came off straight after me.
We lay there for a few minutes and then, more gently, she pushed me back between her legs for the finale. An hour later I staggered out of her bedroom, after a light peck on the cheek and a promise that she would try and talk George round. I put my offer in the next day, and was delighted when it was accepted.
I saw George just before they moved out, and asked him what happened about the other offer. 'Other offer, old man?' he said, 'I think you've got your wires crossed. We've been trying to sell this place for months and yours was the only serious offer we got.'
T F, Northants

Outstanding feets

In recent months *Mayfair* has carried correspondence from readers on the subject of feet. These footnotes (?) struck a considerable chord with me, and I wondered, considering the subject's undoubted popularity, if you couldn't run a regular feet-ure on the subject?
Something along the lines of 'Putting Your Favourite Foot In It' would go down very well. Every month readers could write in and nominate their favourite feet, and you could perhaps do a photo-shoot of the winners from the ankles down.
My own personal favourites are as follows:
1. Joanne Latham (one of the best ever *Mayfair* models and a true solemate.)
2. Suzanne Mizzi: (insured for a couple of million, and I'd foot the bill any day.)
3. Toyah Wilcox: (singer and actress — a leg-end in her own lifetime.)
4. Kate Bush: (singer — I'd like to get her underneath the arches!)
5. Delia Smith (a TV cook whose plates of meat I find irresistible.)'
6. Chris Evert (Tennis player who sadly tasted de-feet at Wimbledon this year.)
7. Angela Rippon: (TV newscaster and now host of *Come Dancing*, nice to get in-step with.)
8. Edwina Currie: (always putting her foot in it, and never one to toe the party line.)
9. Princess Diana: (when she's Queen she'll be a true two foot ruler!)
10. Joanie Allum: (*Mayfair* model turned photographer — I'd follow her footprints anywhere).
If any other readers have nominations for their ten favourite feet I'd be fascinated to hear them!
F.T. Bootle



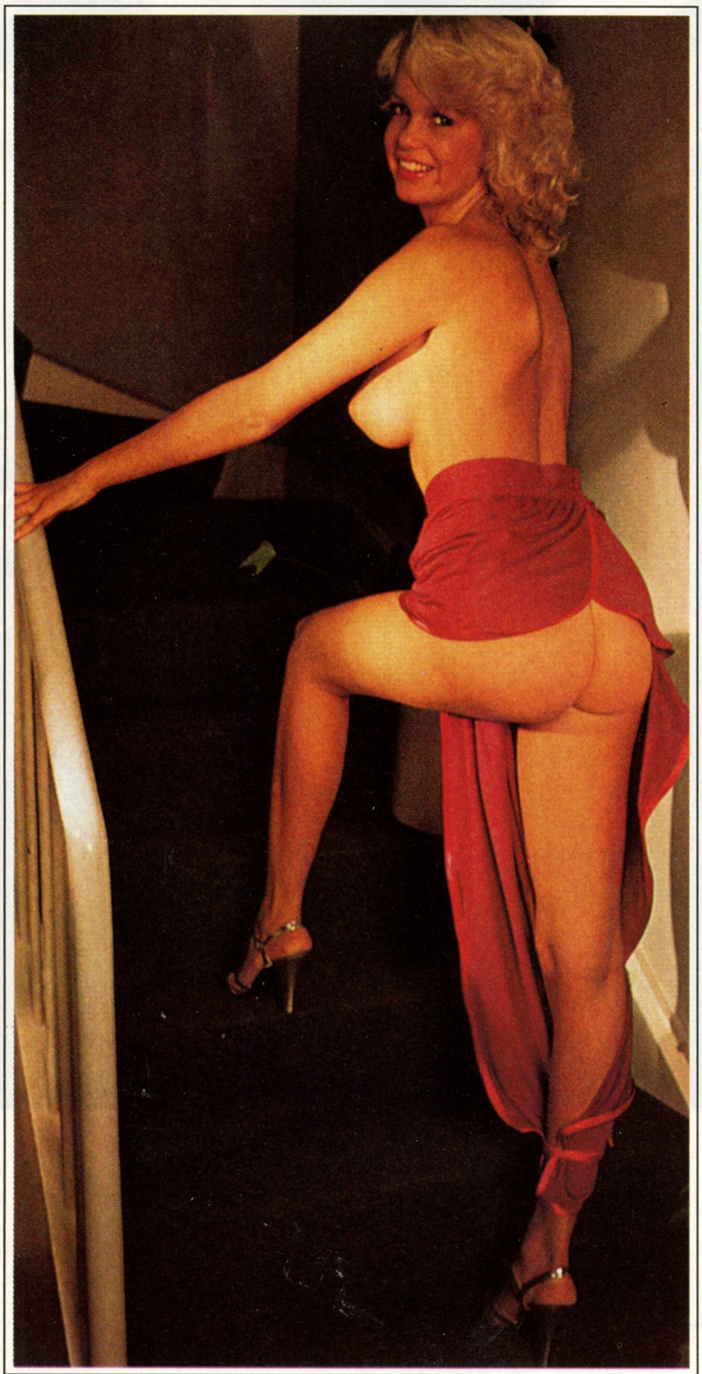
Philippa

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Carina does a Kylie

Who's blonde, pert-breasted and appears in a popular soap opera? No, it's not Kylie but Carina Jensen, the Swedish-born model who appeared in our Vol 20 No 12. Twenty-three-year-old Carina has just landed a part in a Scandinavian television series which judging by the success of the current crop of imported soaps, could make her as big a star as Miss Minogue. All this will come as no surprise to Michael Ancher who captured her charms on film in that 1985 Christmas issue. 'She was full of fun and has a tremendous sense of humour,' he said. He correctly predicted that she would make it big then, and now, though far too much of a gentleman to say 'I told you so' stands by his view. At this stage, we cannot say whether the soap will ever make it to Britain but it sounds like a good excuse to buy a satellite, and watch our dish. Sadly though even Swedish soaps don't show as much as we did back in Vol 20 No 12 — so here's a reminder.



Emergency! Dial 0898

Chances are if you see an advertisement offering medical advice with a phone number beginning with 0898, you'd be suspicious. What sort of service would you get? Naughty Nurse Nicky raising your pulse by describing in the obligatory husky voice how she makes the bed *and* the patients with lots of obvious jokes about thermometers. Yes, we've heard a good few ourselves. However the Self Helpline advertised on page 30 isn't like that. If you dial expecting a bimbo to breathe down the line, you'll be sadly disappointed. If you want genuine medical advice from a real doctor on a variety of matters including sexual problems, you won't be. Self Helpline is run by Dr Veale, a professional psychiatrist and sex therapist based in a south London NHS hospital. He set up the service in January as a way for patients too nervous to discuss their problems with their doctor or even buy a book to get the guidance they need in the privacy of their own homes. 'It's open 24 hours a day and totally anonymous,' he told us, 'and though we have to be concise about complex topics, we can allay a lot of fears.' Perhaps that's why his most popular lines tend to be those concerned with masturbation. Each tape lasts between six and eight minutes and can vary from a straight discourse by the doctor himself to 'radio plays' with several actors discussing the subject in hand. At 25p per minute off peak, even the longest tapes work out at £2. Expensive? 'Not really,' says Dr Veale. 'Not when a private psychiatrist charges £50 an hour!'

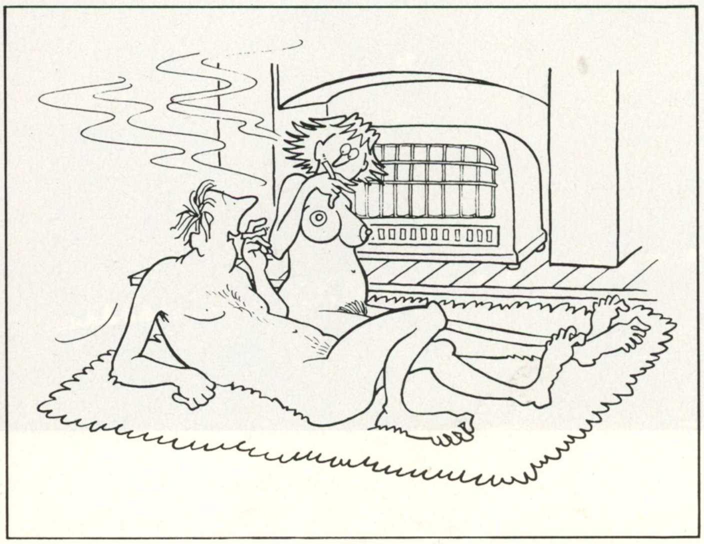
Ad nauseam

If you think that British advertising is getting so safe as to be boring (witness the ban on the naked lady's curves in the Johnny Walker poster campaign), then consider the problems of plugging a product in Saudi Arabia. We are indebted to a letter in *Marketing Week* for this genuine list of items banned from appearing in Middle Eastern adverts.

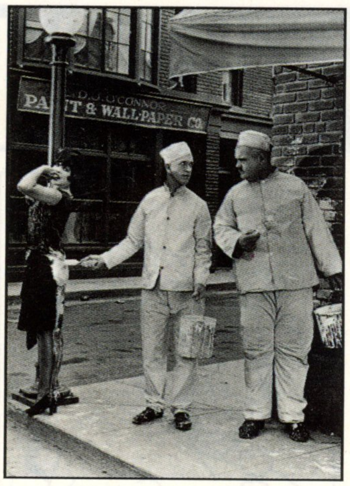
There must be:
No dancing;
No winking;
No burping;
No female models in mini-skirts, hot pants, swimming suits or with bare shoulders;
No glamorous or appealing ladies;
No suggestive looks or acts by female models;
No sexy laughs;
No couples holding hands, embracing or leaning on the other;
No beard shaving;
No advances or compliments from male to female or vice versa.
Please note all commercials must be appealing, ie no cockroaches or hairy males.
Mayfair is rather hard to find in Saudi Arabia.

Caspers wine/burger

It's not often that we quote directly from a press hand-out but on this occasion, we make an exception 'It's 11.30am Sunday morning . . .



'I won't be seeing you much. I'm giving up smoking.' C for cigarette, part of *The ABC of Sex*, a cartoon sexicon (Robson £4.95) drawn by a funny lady for a change, Riana Duncan



Whose bum was that in Vol 24 No 8? It's Dorothy Coburn. Her rear also got the first pie in Laurel & Hardy's *Battle of The Century* and *Should Married Men Go Home*. A game dame!

The need for Sunday papers and food stir you to the vertical. A glance in the mirror brings back numerous memories from the night before, and suddenly food becomes a major priority. Approaching the kitchen, you see what looks like a scene from some lost battle. What now? Where to go?

'Find your way to *Caspers* just off Hanover Square at your leisure. Softly spoken staff will provide you with Sunday papers and prepare the cocktail of your prescription or serve you an ice cold beer. The sumptuous selection on the menu caters for the ravenous to even the most delicate of appetites . . .'

Sounds idyllic? Unfortunately the next line destroys the peaceful ambiance.

'All to the lilting sounds of LIVE JAZZ!'

Jazz with a hangover, who are they kidding?

Rainbow worriers

At last we can scotch a rumour that has been circulating for 50 years. The Munchkins were not little letchers. Ever since *The Wizard of Oz* came out, half a century ago this year, some tall guys have been telling the world that the midgets who played the Munchkins of Oz were rather badly behaved. According to the stories, they were prone to grabbing women, looking up their dresses and forcing their small but powerful advances on them. Not true, say MGM now part of the Ted Turner Organisation (inventors of CNN) and about to celebrate the film's anniversary. Singer's Austrian Midgets, as they were officially known, behaved impeccably. Well almost. True, filming did have to be held up for two weeks when one of them trod on Toto (Dorothy's dog) doing it some damage, and they were prone to disappearing. In fact, one went missing for three-quarters of an hour, and nobody could find him at all. Finally he was unearthed. In Judy Garland's bedroom? Climbing up the inside the Wicked Witch of the West's skirt? No. He'd fallen down the toilet.

Eating out

Brian O'Hanlon

Fish has been one of the factors in the modern healthier eating outlook. Fish and chips, themselves, are popular again, and, in their train, the proper fish restaurant; albeit, with a take-away section, perhaps, in the same way even the most chi-chi Indian places have their take-out sections.

I went with an old friend to the wastes of Battersea to look at Tommy Wong's **Scales** *(52 Battersea Rise, London SW11 — Tel: 01-228 2733)* — a tidy walk from Clapham Junction station. Mr Wong was not there that lunch-time, but a charming girl called Dorothy took very good care of us. *Scales Fish And Seafood Restaurant*, to spell out its title fully, is a former fish and chip restaurant with marble-tiled black and white floors, and stout wooden tables and chairs. During lunch-time and early evening it *does* offer fish and chips, too (without actually spelling them out) at a set price of £3.90, which includes vegetables and choice of potatoes with fried or grilled haddock, plaice or skate. Elsewhere, it is totally *à la carte*. I chose a cold starter for £2.85; the smoked fish salad, which included trout, salmon, and mackerel, which was fine. My colleague fed himself on *moules mariniere* (£3.50), the time honoured alliance of poached fresh mussels in onions, garlic, white wine, and cream. Trout, salmon, and mackerel are three fish which do blend well as cold cuts; and the *moules* were fleshy and tasty, with that salty sea-smack at the back of the throat.

The main courses were proof of just what may be done with fish if the kitchen is so minded. Certainly, we had the straight-forward half a dozen oysters (with lemon or Parma ham) at £6, the poached monkfish (£5.25) and home-made seafood pie, at £4.75, but the handwritten items on the page opposite were just a touch more alluring. There was a steamed supreme of turbot (£6.80) in a light ginger sauce, the seafood *cassoulet* (£5.50), which is a selection in a saffron sauce, and the salmon trout baked with lemon butter sauce and toasted almonds, at £5.50.

Fish, even more than meat, is a question of individual taste. All I will tell you is that everything is positively fresh at *Scales*, and it's a fun, young, atmosphere as well with house *Muscadet* and *Fitou* at £5.50 a bottle or £1.30 by the glass. There is also a £8.50 three-course lunch card.

Today picked up the Prince of Wales pronouncements about his favourite fish restaurant — where his chauffeur goes, apparently, to get things for the royal palate. It is **The Sea Shell** in *Lisson Grove, London NW1 (Tel: 01 723 8703)*, within walking distance of Marylebone station. Two floors, with a take-away section too, it has wood panelling and greenery for decor, and Gerald Tiernan is the manager. *The Sea Shell* has been popular for twenty years. There is a somewhat niggardly lunchtime set menu of a main dish flanked with soup of the day and ice cream, and tea or coffee afterwards for £6. There are half a dozen other starters which include the *potage du jour* (60p) smoked salmon and mackerel (£2.50 and £1.50), cod roe (our old Greek friend, *Taramosalata*) at £1.25 and some exquisite fishcakes at £1.25 each. I hope the Prince enjoys those as much as I did!

The menu is fairly short. Fourteen types of fried fish, seven choices of grilled, with the rider that there is a wait of 20 minutes for these, and that they are served with either fried (chips) or creamed potatoes. Extra portions cost more! I enoyed a superlative rainbow trout for £6.50, and, yes, I had chips and vinegar, too, although I might have preferred soft boiled potatoes and wedges of lemon instead.

What I will tell you about *The Sea Shell* is that portions are not enormous . . . they are positively gargantuan, and my companion's extra large dover sole was just about the biggest either of us had ever seen. (and he's a fisherman!)

My final fishy delight was at Ricardo Fiori's **La Seppia** at *8a Mount Street, in Mayfair (Tel: 01 499 33857)*; Italian for cuttlefish,

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'I'm quite happy to show everything except my bare feet,' says Philippa Andrews, a 23-year-old primary school teacher from South Shields in Newcastle. Many girls, we find, have reservations about different parts of their anatomy. Boobs are a common one, bottoms less so, but bare feet is exceedingly rare. 'It's not that I'm ashamed of them,' she points out, 'in fact I'm very proud of them, it's that they are very special to me. I only show them to chosen men in my life. I know it sounds a bit cruel to deprive your readers, and if enough of them felt left out, I might, re-consider.'

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Did you miss 38D teenager Zoe Lee who bust into Vol 21 No 12? Then get a back number. Order from the list below or buy our £5 five-pack: Vol 21 Nos 1, 4, 6, 9 and 12.

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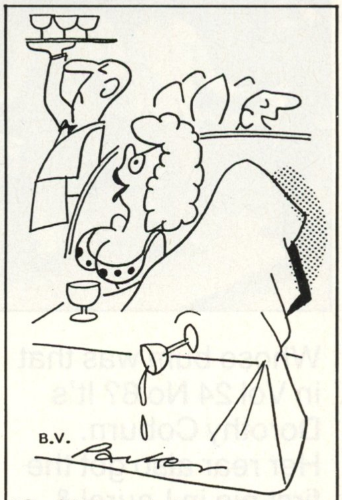
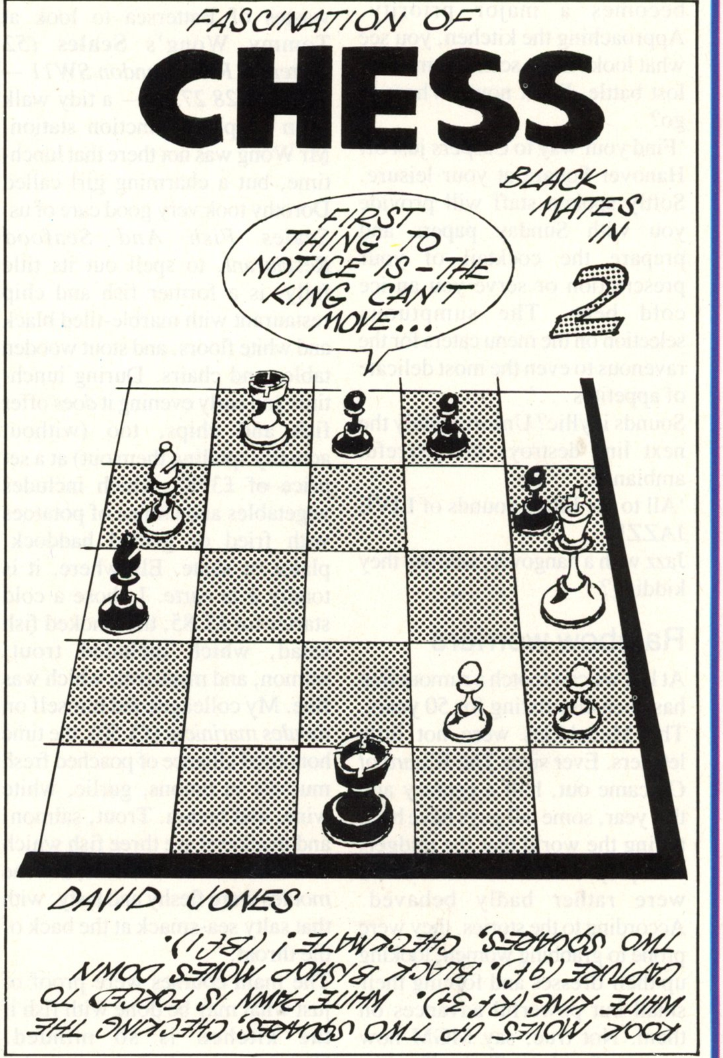
SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

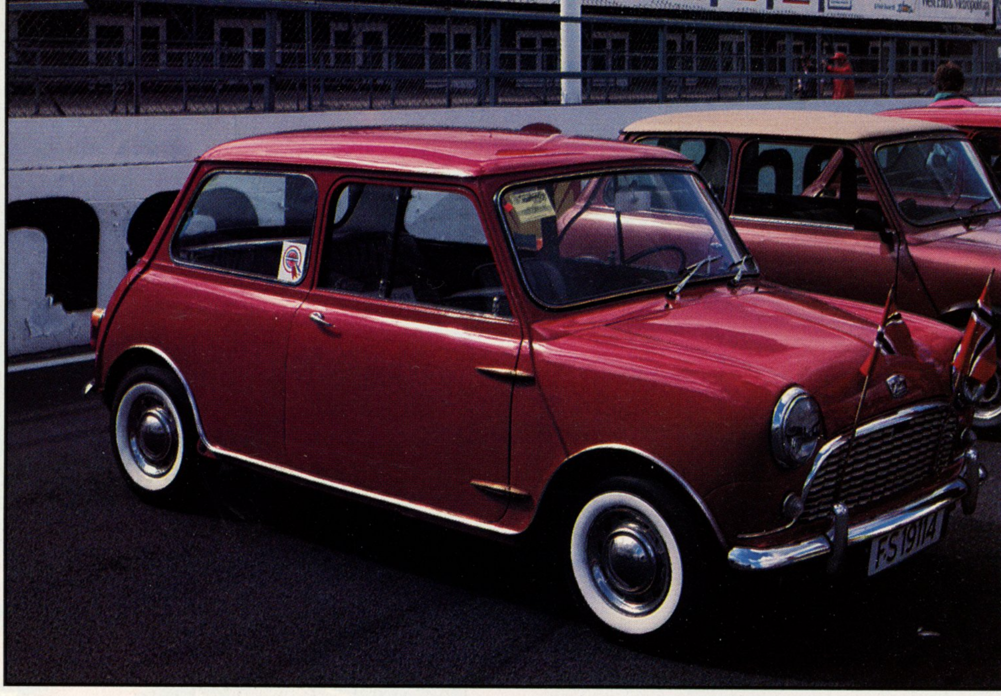
on the premises where the *Golden Carp* was before it. I began with *Insalata di granchio con carciofi*, a larger-than-large plate with fresh crab and baby artichokes heaped in the middle, and prawns and things, in a subtle sauce. Was I sure I would not try the *menu d'Assagio*, the five courses for £17? No, no, I said, catching the smile in Mine Host's eye. Instead, I had *tris di pasta*, another *primi piatti*, three blobs of red mullet, with capers, home-made black spaghetti, and *garganelle pasta* with hazelnut sauce and wild mushrooms. Finally, *yes*, I would have a main course. The fillets of John Dory in basil (£13). We thought at first that 'John Dory' might be 'St Peter's Fish' because the menu did say 'San Pietro', but Mine Host came back, after checking with chef, and said it was not quite the same thing. It came in another of the house's double extra large plates which miniscule everything of normal size, surrounded by a moat of *Pesto* sauce with tomato, basil, pine kernels, garlic, and goats' cheese. *La Seppia* is a basement, pine panelled with black arc'd button banquettes. House wine is from £7.50 a bottle and £2.50 by the glass.



'Gosh! Doesn't that girl look like your wife, Mr Hills?'

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.





Main picture: A blue 1965 Austin Mini-Cooper, with white roof; it rapidly became the car to be seen in for the Chelsea set. Above left: The engine of a green Mini, customised for greater speed by Boop. Above right: A red Austin Se7en from Norway, complete with whitewall tyres. Like all Minis it featured an unprecedented amount of space for a ten foot car, coupled with road holding and performance more usually associated with larger and more sporting cars. Right: A blue 1960 Morris Minor. Below right: Prototype of customised Mini 'MG'.

Aside from her feet, the next most important thing in 36-24-34 inch Philippa's life is toast. 'I'm a toast addict,' she confirms, 'I've been taken out to elegant restaurants by various would-be boyfriends, and embarrassed them all by ordering toast. I can't get enough of it — hot and covered in melting butter. I don't know why anyone eats anything else.' Eh, yes, we've always been partial to a bit of crumpet ourselves. So did Philippa turn to modelling to try and earn a crust then? 'Well you could say that — you certainly don't make an awful lot as a primary school teacher, I can tell you. But no, I did it more for a bit of a giggle than for the money.'

All the family was gathered to celebrate thirty years of the Mini. The great reunion took place at Silverstone, and branches of the brotherhood ranged from the main stream Austin, Morris and Mini Coopers to more obscure cousins, such as the world's smallest

MINI-KIN

Photographed by Andrew Morland   Written by Tony Murray

Who would have thought, back in 1959, that a car described as a 'box measuring approximately 10 feet by 4 feet by 4 feet' would still, 30 years later, be one of the country's most popular automobiles, and a national insitution to boot? Such was the fate of the Mini, designed by Sir Alec Issigonis as the smallest possible car fitting four adults and their luggage.

The Mini was born into an era of fuel shortages and petrol rationing. The Suez crisis had precipitated the previously unthought of popularity of the German-made 'bubble' cars. It was a situation that the British Motor Corporation could not leave unchallenged, and the then chairman, Sir Leonard Lord, later Lord Lambury, wanted a new small car to go into production immediately. His specifications were rigid — it had to be a proper car, with four seats, it had to use an existing BMC engine, and it had to be smaller than BMC's other small cars, the Austin A35 and the Morris Minor.

This unenviable task fell to Sir Alec Issigonis, then just plain Alec. The design Sir Alec and his

'I think it's important for women to dress up in sexy lingerie once in a while. It's nice to be reminded that you're attractive, and if there's a photographer around to record the event then all the better,' says Philippa. Since moving out of her parents' home two years ago, Philippa has bought her own one bedroom basement flat, which she shares with her goldfish, Bernard, her massive collection of antique toast racks and an entire library full of every book ever

written by or about horror novelist Stephen King. 'I love his books,' she says, 'they're so atmospheric. I've just read his new paperback, *The Tommyknockers*. I was really hooked, I sat down and read it all in one session, give or take a few toast breaks, and it's over 800 pages long! It was a great read, and I can't wait till his next one comes out.' Her ambitions are to move out of teaching altogether, though she doesn't really see a long term future for herself in the world of glamour modelling.

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team eventually settled on gave 80 per cent of the ten feet by four by four box space over to passengers and luggage, leaving a scant two foot space to house the engine.

Issigonis soon realised that he would need to adopt very small 10-inch wheels and fully independent suspension if he was to cram everything into the small space available. But his real innovation was to fit a transverse engine, driving the front wheels via gearbox and final drive built into the sump of the engine.

Issigonis, a long time admirer of the front-wheel drive systems of the Citroën and the German DKW, wanted to adopt a similar system for his new vehicle, but he had one problem.

In 1951 Sir Alec had experimented w ith a Morris Minor, converting it to front-wheel drive, turning the engine and gearbox through 90 degrees. The open drive shafts to the front wheels incorporated constant velocity joints. But there was no room in the proposed new car for the vital end-on gearbox.

But, for Sir Alec's team, no problem was insurmountable. The solution turned out to be putting the gearbox beneath the engine, with an

Main picture:. Dark camouflage military Mini from Sweden. Above: Logo for the convertible Mini Skirt, another customised special. Top left: Mini car park at the 30th anniversary celebrations at Silverstone. Top middle: A special anniversary model by Swift in mid-stunt at Silverstone. Top Right: The World's shortest Mini. Middle right: 1964 Monte Carlo winner Paddy Hopkirk. Bottom right: A 1968 Police Mini Cooper 'S'.

intermediate gear. A specially designed clutch went outboard on one side of the cars engine.
The small car project, originally known as XC 9003 and, later, ADO 15, was designed in record time — in six months, between March and October 1957, when two prototypes were already up and running.
It wasn't until July 1958 that Sir Alec was confident enough to invite Leonard Lord down to test drive the new car. After a five minute test around the factory, Leonard Lord was more than convinced of the vehicle's potential. He gave his consent for the car to go straight into production and, only ten months later, the first commercial models rolled off the production lines in Cowley and Longbridge. All was now ready for the Mini's launch onto the international stage at the end of August 1959.
It was launched not as one, but as two new cars: the Austin Se7en and the Morris Mini Minor. This was a result of BMC's badge engineering policy, under which all-but identical cars would be marketed under different name plates to satisfy different dealer networks.
Both cars came in standard and de-luxe versions. For £497, including purchase tax, you got the standard model, complete with cloth upholstery and a rubber mat to cover the floor. For an extra £40 you could pick up the de-luxe model, with its two-tone leather cloth upholstery and floor carpet. De-luxe drivers also benefitted from additional chrome-plated trim, opening rear quarter lights and back seat ash trays.
In its first year of production (May to December 1959) 20,000 Minis were manufactured. In 1960 this rose to 100,000. By 1962, 200,000 Minis were coming off the production line each year, and the company maintained this until 1977.

'Where's the get-away car?'

The Mini quickly won over an initially suspicious public, sceptical of the car's small size and its front-wheel drive. A warm press reception certainly helped, as did the Mini's adoption by the Chelsea set, and luminaries such as Peter Sellers and Peter Ustinov. Its final seal of approval came when Princess Margaret was spotted behind the wheel of one.
The car also became a rather unlikely sporting success. The 1961-launched Mini-Cooper soon became a force to be reckoned with in saloon car racing. Its first big success was in the 1962 Tulip Rally, when a 997cc Mini-Cooper, driven by Pat Moss, was the surprise winner.
The most important event to win in the rallying scene in the sixties was the Monte Carlo. In 1964, with the advent of the 1963-launched Mini-Cooper 'S', Paddy Hopkirk and Henry Liddon secured this ultimate honour for them. The Mini went on to win it again in 65 and 67.
By now the Mini's place in popular consciousness was assured. The high volume of sales was maintained with a series of specials and derivatives, including the upmarket Riley Elf and Wolseley Hornet, the Austin Se7en Countryman and the Morris Mini-Traveller, both estate car versions.
By the end of the 60's both the Austin and Morris range were universally known as Minis, and, in 1969, BMC dropped the Austin and Morris badges.
It was also still as popular as ever, with over three million sold by 1972. But with the introduction of competitor's small cars, the range of Minis in production had been gradually whittled away. Today, only the 998cc saloon version, in either its Mini City or more luxurious Mini Mayfair incarnations, are available in regular production. But, over the years, the range has been complemented by a series of specials, including the Mini 25, launched in 1984 to mark the car's 25th anniversary and the distinctive two-tone Flame, Racing, Sky and Rose models introduced to celebrate the car's 30th anniversary this year.
Mini production still stands at 40,000 cars per year and the manufacturers are looking to the future with a new range of environmentally friendly Minis, running on lead-free petrol.
It is a sign of the unique affection and regard that this humble 'box' is held in that the celebrations of its thirtieth year should have become such a multi-media event. It is an honour bestowed on few other automobiles.

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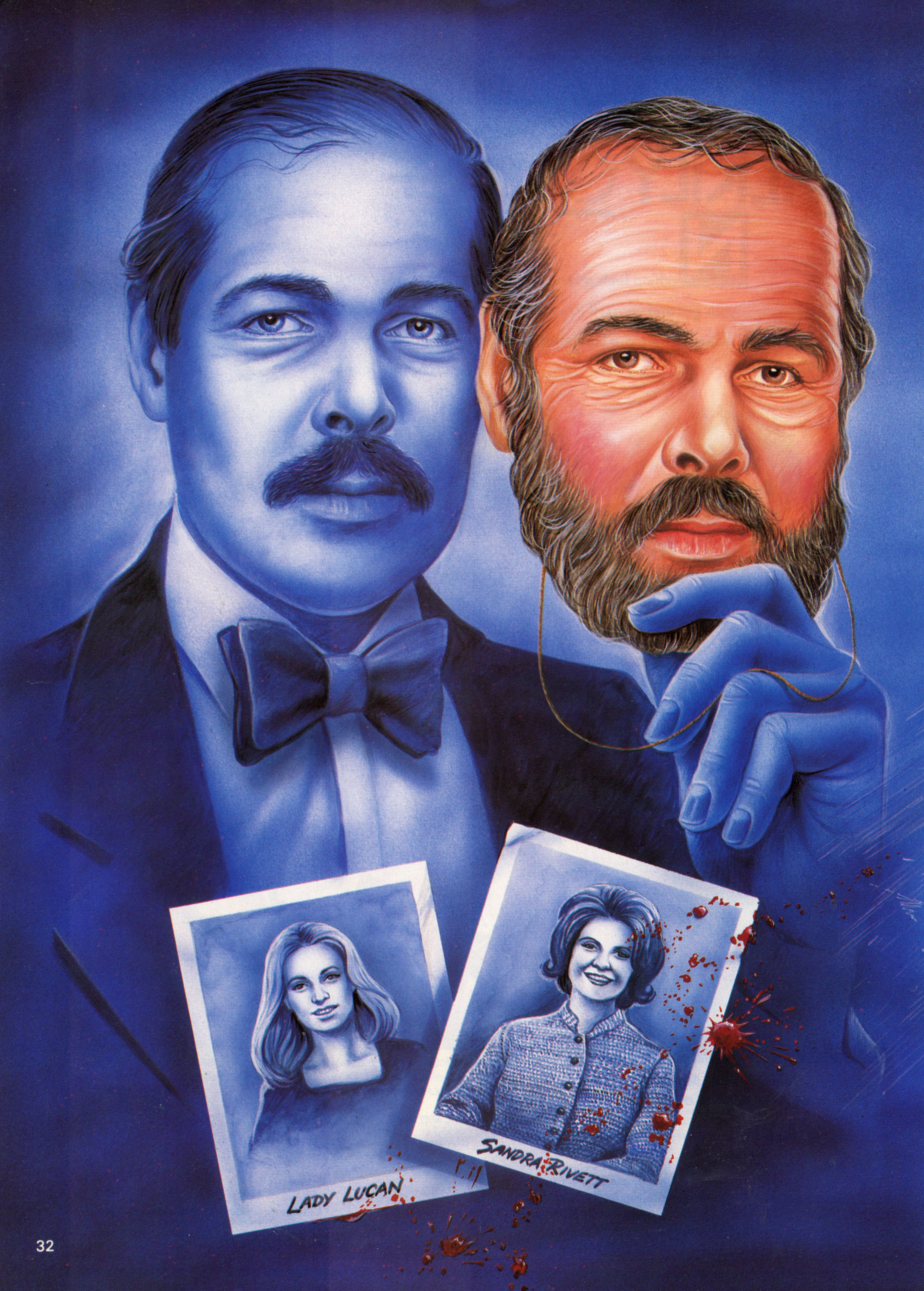
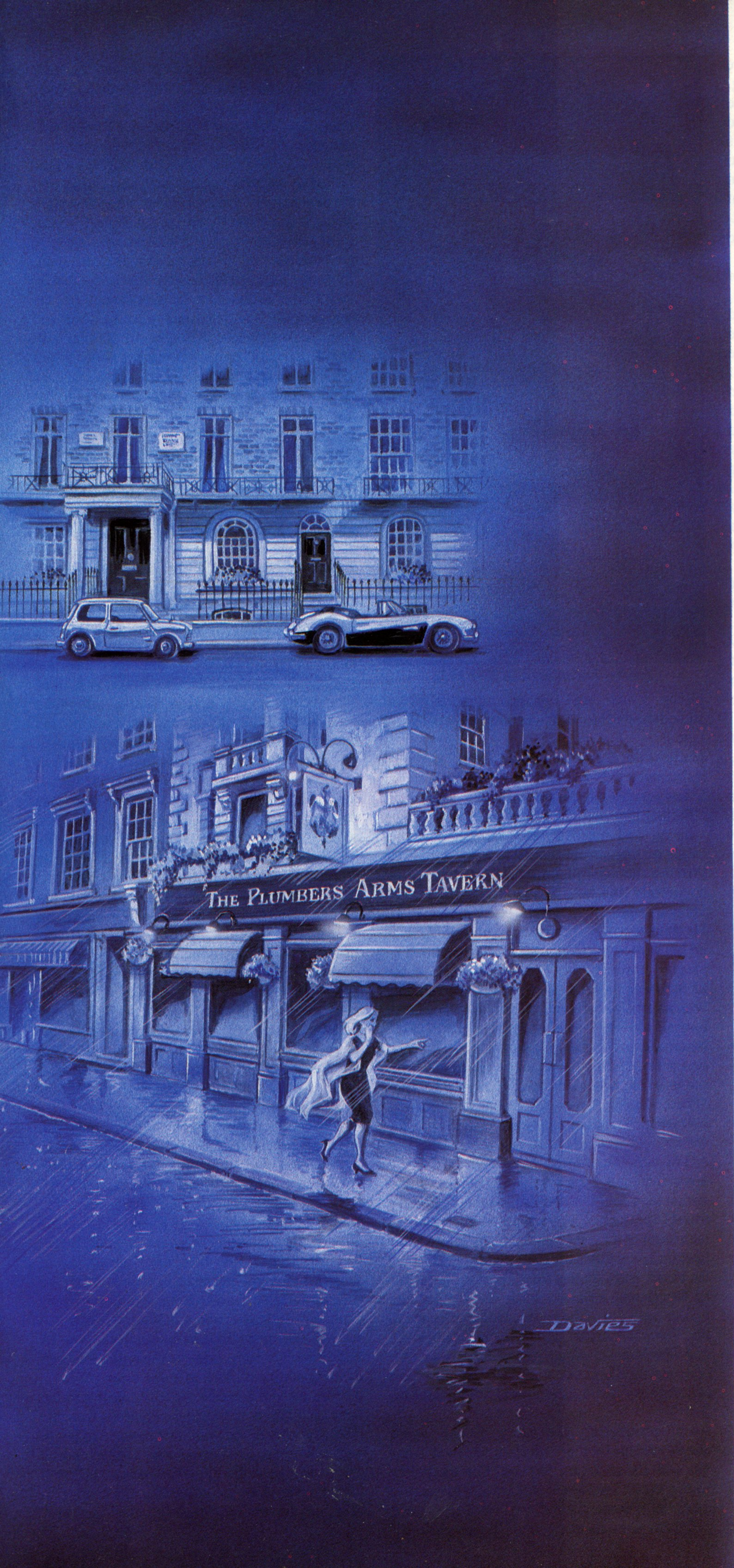
FOR HALLOWEEN...

WITCH HAZEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN MARCUS


LADY LUCAN
SANDRA RIVETT

Definitely recommended in the Witch guide is 26-year-old Hazel Collins, a right little spellbinder from Arundel in Sussex. This saucy sourceress has the magic statistics of 36-24-34, and enchants all who meet her. With a wave of her wand she turns men to jelly, and incites evil thoughts in even the most innocent and chaste of mortal men. Hazel is a whitish sort of witch, and claims never to have used magic for her own ends: 'There's a lot of evil people involved with the arcane arts,' she warns, 'especially at this time of year, Halloween, the darkest festival.'



Exactly 15 years ago this month, Lord Lucan disappeared after a bizarre night of death, deceit, and wild dashes across Sussex. Today James Kennedy believes Lucan is still alive

LORD LUCAN the lost fifteen years

On the night of November 7, 1974, only nine people stood at the bar of the *Plumber's Arms* in London's Lower Belgrave Street; nine witnesses to the start of the most baffling murder mystery of the century.

An hour before closing time, as rain thundered across Belgravia, the door of the pub was flung open and a woman 'covered head to toe' in blood staggered towards the bar. 'Help me!' she cried, 'I've just escaped from a murderer! He's still in the house . . . the children . . . the children!' Then she collapsed.

The head barman, Arthur Whitehouse, lifted her onto the nearest banquette, and tried to stem the flow of blood from her head injuries with his bar-cloth, while his wife telephoned for the police and an ambulance. It was only when two uniformed officers arrived moments later that Mr Whitehouse and his stunned customers learned of the woman's identity; she was Veronica Bingham, the 37-year-old Countess of Lucan, and she had fled in her blood-soaked clothes from the family's elegant Georgian house 30 yards up the street.

Police Sergeant Baker and Police Constable Beddick walked up to the Lucan residence, No 46, and promptly forced open the front door. The house was in darkness. Drawing his truncheon, Baker advanced down the hall to the stairs at the back of the building, where his torch-light revealed heavy smears of blood striped across the

Left: After consulting experts, artist Paul Davies produced this specially commissioned portrait of how Lord Lucan might appear 15 years on

wall, a large pool of blood on the stairs and more radiating patterns across the magnolia ceiling. He peered through the open doorway of the basement, and saw several more patches of blood at the bottom of the stairs; also some footprints and several pieces of broken crockery. But no sign of an intruder; moving back up the main staircase to the next floor he came across a light burning in the Lucans' bedroom, and a blood-stained towel delicately laid across the rumpled sheets of the bed.

On the third floor he found the children; two of them asleep; the third, nine-year-old Frances, standing by her bed, anxious to know what had become of her mother. Leaving them in the care of Constable Beddick, Baker returned to the basement to make his most grisly discovery of the night. The lightbulb had been removed from its ceiling socket, and was lying on a cushioned chair by the window. On replacing it, he turned towards the kitchen at the front of the house, just below street level, and saw a large US Mail bag lying in the doorway. It was drenched in blood. 'The top was folded over,' he said, 'and as I bent down to examine the contents I saw part of a human thigh in black tights. I took out an arm. It was very white. I could feel no pulse.'

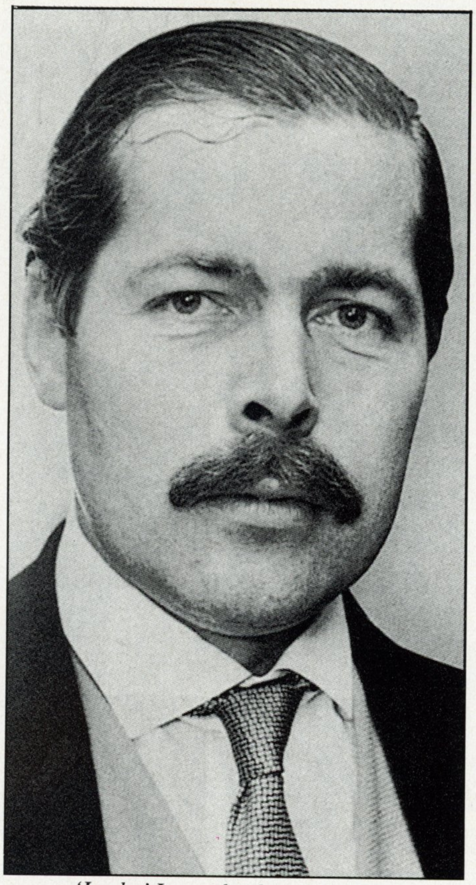
The body was still warm, but Sandra Eleanor Rivett, the 29-year-old nanny to the children of Lord and Lady Lucan, had been beaten to death. Her murder would not only rock high-society like no other *cause celebre* of modern times, it would also lead to far-reaching changes in English criminal law, and would continue to perplex people for years to come.

The first coherent account of the events that night was given by the couple's eldest daughter, Frances, who had been watching television upstairs with her mother when Sandra Rivett had popped her head around the bedroom door, and asked if Lady Lucan wanted a cup of tea. Twenty minutes later she had not reappeared, and the Countess had gone down to investigate.

'I don't know what time it was,' Frances told Detective Sergeant Forsyth, the first plain-clothed officer on the scene, 'but it was before the news came on at 9 pm. Just after Mummy left, I heard a scream. I went to the door and called "Mummy?" but there was no answer so I just left it. At about 9.05pm Mummy and Daddy walked into the room together. Mummy had blood on her face, and she was crying. She told me to go upstairs. I wondered what had happened. I didn't ask. I just went upstairs, and read my book.' Frances said that she was very surprised to see her father in the house. He and Lady Lucan had separated two years previously, and the Earl now only visited at weekends.

An hour after the alarm had been raised, Lord Lucan's elderly mother, the 74-year-old Dowager Countess, arrived at the house having driven from her own flat in North London, where, she said, she had received a telephone call from her son shortly after 10pm. He had sounded 'very distressed' and told her that there had been 'a terrible catastrophe at No 46.' 'The nanny's been hurt,' he said, 'and Veronica is hysterical. I want you to get the children out immediately.' 'He was almost incoherent with shock,' she added, 'mumbling about blood and mess in the basement.'

A police officer was despatched to check on Lord Lucan's nearby flat in Elizabeth Street, which was deserted, while Forsyth and his forensic experts examined what they believed to be the murder weapon; lying in an ante-room at the back of the house they had found a piece of lead



'Lucky' Lucan back in July 1971

piping which was 'grossly distorted' and smoothered in blood. It was wrapped in surgical tape.

Meanwhile, Lord Lucan had finally surfaced miles away in Uckfield, Sussex, at the home of a lawyer friend, Susan Maxwell-Scott. She admitted him into the house, gave him a large whisky, and listened while he described his 'night of unbelievable coincidences.' 'I've been through the most nightmarish experience,' he apparently told her; 'it's so incredible I don't know whether you or anyone else will believe it.' He claimed to have been passing his wife's house on his way home to change for dinner when he glanced through the Venetian blinds of the kitchen window, and saw Lady Lucan struggling with an attacker. Having a front door key he let himself into the house, and rushed down to the basement, accidentally slipping in a pool of blood on the floor while the attacker 'made off.' The scene in the basement was 'ghastly', he said. 'There was blood everywhere and Veronica was hysterical. She pointed towards the sack in the corner, and accused *me* of having hired the man to kill *her*.' Gradually, he'd calmed his wife down sufficiently for her to be led back upstairs so that they could inspect her wounds. He laid a towel over the bed, and went into the adjoining bathroom for some bandages. 'It was his intention,' said Mrs Maxwell-Scott, 'to clean up the blood, and then ring for the police.' But while he was rinsing a flannel in the washbasin Lady Lucan crept out of the bedroom, and escaped to the *Plumber's Arms*. 'I think he then panicked,' said Mrs Maxwell-Scott. 'There he was with the body and the blood, and a wife who would almost certainly try to implicate him. So he had also fled.'

After completing the story Lucan again telephoned his mother, who had returned to her flat with the children. She told him the police were with her, and asked if he wanted to speak to them. 'No,' came the reply. 'Tell them that I'll call them in the morning, and I'll ring you too.'

It was a promise he was never to keep. Instead, he wrote two letters to his brother-in-law, William Shand Kydd, further protesting his innocence, and asked Mrs Maxwell-Scott to post them for him in the morning. 'I tried to persuade him to stay the night,' she said, 'but he told me he had to get back to London to sort things out. He said to me: "I must find out what that bitch has said about me."' And so, at about 1.15am, Lord Lucan drove away from Uckfield in a dark green saloon car. He was never to be seen again.

Two days later, on the Sunday afternoon, the car was found abandoned in Newhaven, on the Sussex coast. The dashboard, steering wheel and front passenger seat were heavily stained with blood, and in the boot of the car the police found a piece of lead piping which was bound in surgical tape, and identical to the weapon that had been used to murder Mrs Rivett. This discovery, 'the clincher', as one officer put it, sealed the case against him, and two warrants were immediately issued charging him with murder and attempted murder. He was thus, as the press delighted in pointing out, the first Peer of the Realm to be sought on such charges for over two centuries.

Detectives from Gerald Row police station now began to piece together the full story: they had found no signs of a break-in at number 46, nothing to indicate the presence of a third party, and nothing had been stolen. Lucan's story of interrupting an attacker not only seemed evidentially insupportable; it was also destroyed forensically on two levels. Firstly, the police established that it was impossible to see into the basement from the street, as he had claimed, when the blinds were drawn over the kitchen window and light was off (as they had been). Secondly, blood found in the basement was predominantly group A, that of Sandra Rivett, while the blood on the ground floor, group B, matched that of Lady Lucan — this flatly contradicted Lucan's story of having seen and rescued his wife from an attack in the basement area at the front of the house. Dr Margaret Perira, the Senior Scientific Officer at New Scotland Yard, also found what she termed microscopically indistinguishable wool fibres on the murder weapon, on the washbasin in the cloakroom and in the Corsair car. They were dark blue. Lucan, as several people pointed out, had been wearing dark blue flannel trousers that night; if he had scattered fibres in the Corsair, it meant he must also have touched the murder weapon at some point in the evening.

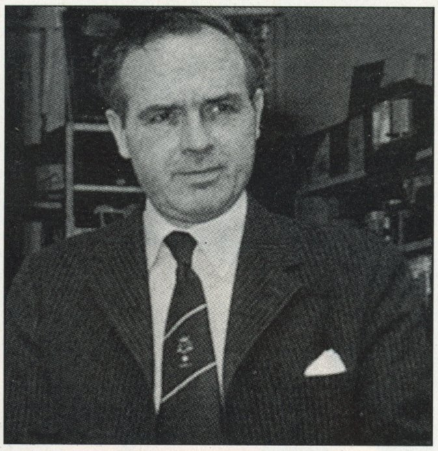
The police also discovered that Lady Lucan and Sandra Rivett were of identical height (five feet, two inches), and of similar build. Sandra was supposed to have the night of November 7 off-duty, but had decided at the last minute to stay in because she had a heavy cold. And so arose the controversial theory of mistaken identity; Lucan had questioned his daughter Camilla about Sandra's movements, and had been told that she was away from Lower Belgrave Street every Thursday night after about 7.30pm. He had also learned that, since the separation, it was now his wife's habit to come down to the basement each evening at nine o'clock to make a cup of tea.

According to the police, he let himself into the house at 8.50pm, removed the lightbulb from the ceiling socket of the breakfast room, and lay in wait with his piece of lead piping. He had chosen to murder her on the Thursday because he knew she would be alone in the building, the nanny off-duty, and the children all safely tucked up in bed.

turn to page 74

Every year Hazel and her coven celebrate this event of great mystic significance down in Clapham Woods, near the Sussex village of Burpham, an area of great magical activity according to those in the know. 'There's nothing sinister about our activities,' Hazel maintains, 'we just perform a simple ritual in worship of the goddess Hekate.' Don't the authorities mind that? 'Oh no,' she laughs, 'we don't do anything illegal, we're respectable. I don't fancy going 'inside' for a spell!'

Lady Lucan back in December 1975



Det. Chief Superintendant Roy Ranson

The murdered nanny: Sandra Rivett

Lord Lucan

continued from page 34

And when, at the designated time, a slim, petite figure emerged at the top of the stairs, her identity concealed by the darkness, descending with a tray of dirty crockery, he made the obvious assumption and battered her to death.

In fact it was Mrs Rivett. But unpeturbed by the knowledge that he had slaughtered the wrong woman, he waited until Lady Lucan came to the ground floor to investigate, and then launched another attack. Perhaps, as one observer suggested, his skill had been dulled by an excessive intake of alcohol to marshall his courage. Perhaps he was simply exhausted after killing the nanny, and stuffing her body into the mail bag; but he managed to land only four or five blows to his wife's head before she broke free, and staggered back towards the main stairs. When she screamed in order to rouse her daughter from the TV set, he dropped the lead piping — by now so seriously distorted that it was ineffective as a bludgeon — and slapped his hand over her mouth. 'The attacker said: "Shut up!"' Lady Lucan told detectives from her hospital bed, 'and I recognised the voice as that of my husband.' There was a brief struggle during which he attempted to throttle her and gouge out her left eye with his thumb, while she groped between his legs, and found his testicles and 'squeezed until he desisted.' Afterwards, they both collapsed onto the basement stairs, exhausted, and Lady Lucan asked: 'Where's Sandra?' Lucan started to cry. He admitted killing her, mistaking her for the Countess, and said, 'She's in the basement, but don't look, she's a ghastly mess.'

Lady Lucan apparently offered to conceal her husband's guilt by ringing the police, and telling them that both she and her nanny had been attacked by an unknown intruder. 'I told him to go back home and burn his clothes, and then meet his friends for dinner at the *Clermont* club.' Together they returned to the bedroom to think things through, and he disappeared into the bathroom for a flannel. 'I had my chance,' said Lady Lucan. 'About four seconds to make my own decision. I knew the sounds of the taps running would momentarily deafen him, so I got to my feet, and left the bedroom, and ran downstairs. It was raining in Lower Belgrave Street, and there wasn't a soul around, so I ran like hell to the *Plumber's Arms*, a pub I'd often gone to for cigarettes.'

'Everything in her story rang true,' said Detective Chief Superintendant Roy Ranson, who eventually took charge of the murder enquiry. 'She never once wavered, no matter how much we questioned her.' And the public's belief in Lucan's guilt could only be cemented by his abrupt vanishing trick.

The hunt for him began with the discovery of the car at Newhaven, and continued in frantic fashion for seven months, with the Interpol dragnet extending as far as Australia (where it netted John Stonehouse, the MP who had absconded to avoid embezzlement charges), the United States, Europe and South Africa. Superintendent Ranson and his number two, Detective Chief Inspector David Gerring, fresh from sorting out the Spaghetti House siege and the shooting attempt on Princess Anne, spent many weeks supervising searches of the Sussex countryside and coastline. Police frogmen plumbed the Channel and River Ouse; an army unit combed the cliff-tops surrounding the area, and a special auto-gyro, used for the first time in criminal investigations, was despatched to photograph a five-mile radius of the dense undergrowth on the Downs flanking Newhaven. Not a single clue was produced.

Ranson gradually became convinced that Lucan had perished within hours of the murder from a suicidal overdose; that his sense of honour would have compelled self-extermination. 'He may have crawled into an animal trail on the Downs, and killed himself, or he may have taken a boat out from the Marina or got on board a ferry, and drowned in the Channel.' Inspector Gerring, on the other hand, was equally convinced that his man was still at large. 'He was a gambler, and he was used to taking chances. I don't think he'd have ended it all without a last throw of the dice, and he had any number of rich friends to help him escape.' That thought was echoed in foreign corners: Lucan's best friend, John Aspinall, proprietor of the *Clermont* club in Berkeley Square, said, 'I had many people calling me to offer Lucan assistance. If a close friend of yours comes in covered in blood, having done some frightful deed, the last thing that occurs to you is to turn him in. If he begged asylum he would have had it. I would have helped him.'

On the day after the murder Aspinall arranged a crisis lunch at which eight of Lucan's friends discussed the midnight upheaval. 'People were worried about what to do if he suddenly turned up,' Aspinall told the journalist, James Fox. 'He might have turned up at *Howlette's* (Aspinall's country zoo) or he might have telephoned from Brazil, so every contingency was looked at.' Searches were conducted at a dozen stately homes, including Holkham Hall and Warwick Castle, but drew little except an irritated response from their occupants. Aspinall asked the police if they 'would like to tear up all the floorboards as well,' and one woman, weylaid by reporters at her estate in Surrey, greeted the news of Sandra Rivett's murder with the comment 'Such a pity. Nannies are so hard to find these days.'

The hostile relationship between the CID and the crime reporters on the one hand, and Lucan's family and friends on the other, was one of the most memorable facets of the whole affair. Ranson's team became nicknamed 'The Nob Squad' in fashionable society, and quickly resented what they saw as the condescending, patronising attitude some of the people they tried to question during their enquiry. 'We came up against people trying to put one over us,' he said, 'to take us on and beat us.' 'It was the Old Boy Network,' added Gerring, 'with everybody doing what they could to slow us down.' In essence, it was merely the rigid maintenance of honour; the kind of honour instilled by nanny, nurtured at public school, and then fanatically adhered to in the finest clubs and country homes of the rich. Gerring labelled them the 'Eton Mafia,' a term which accurately reflected the lacing of elitism with shades of criminality, while Ranson, racing across the country on tip-offs which always proved false, and which were invariably traced back to anonymous calls from the *Clermont* club, spoke wearily of 'the horseplay of the upper clases.'

Looking back, one can see the moments of priceless absurdity in the pursuit of Lucan look-alikes. In the first six weeks he was spotted by members of the public on over 200 different guises, some of which — had he been around to see — would have displeased the real Lord Lucan no end. 'Lucanmania' as it was referred to by the police, spread even into the august chambers of Parliament. In the House of Lords, a spectator in

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the public gallery leapt to his feet to point an accusing finger at Lord Raglan, as he rose to speak on a housing bill. Raglan's ancestors, like Lucan's had commanded troops through the Crimean war. 'Right battle,' he said, 'wrong man.' Anonymous letters poured into the offices of national newspapers claiming Lucan had escaped to Brazil, escaped to Africa, been sighted in Florida, joined the hippies in France. The poor Nob Squad didn't stand a chance.

It wasn't until seven months after the murder, when the trail really had gone cold, that the Coroner's Inquest opened into Sandra Rivett's death. It was held at Westminster Coroner's court, and gradually fermented into a murder trial without the accused. Lady Lucan gave direct evidence against her husband, and was simultaneously told that she was lying by his family. 'Murder,' said a friend of Lucan's, 'is not the sort of thing which aristocrats *do*.' After her testimony, the letters written from Uckfield on the Thursday night were produced for the first time to give, in the view of the Coroner, Dr Gavin Thurston, some insight into the terrible strain under which Lucan had laboured in the months preceding the murder.

'Dear Bill,' he had written, 'the most ghastly circumstances arose this evening, which I have briefly described to my mother, when I interrupted the fight at Lower Belgrave Street, and the man left. V accused me of having hired him. I took her upstairs, and she lay doggo, but while I was in the bathroom she left the house. The circumstantial evidence against me is strong in that V will say it was all my doing, and I will also lie doggo for a while. For George and Frances to go through life knowing their father had stood in the dock would be too much. When they're old enough to understand, explain to them the dream of paranoia and look after them.'

A lawyer appearing for the missing Earl, hired by his mother, asked Mr Shand Kydd if he could explain the phrase 'dream of paranoia'. In reference to Lady Lucan, Mr Shand Kydd said he could explain it, but the Coroner intervened and told him not to. There must be no questions aimed at discrediting witnesses, he said. This was an inquiry, not a platform for family rifts.

Yet in spite of the Coroner's ruling, rumours concerning Lady Lucan flourished outside the courtroom. She was said to be, at the very least, a difficult woman; other labels included paranoiac and manic depressive. 'But we always found that the stories circulated about her could be traced back to her husband,' said Gerring, 'and the smear campaign he had mounted in order to win back his children.' This was the last piece of the jigsaw; the police case seemed to have everything except a plausible motive; it's one thing to be at odds with the wife from whom you're separated, it's quite another, after all, to start bashing her over the head with a piece of lead piping.

But the Lucan's was no ordinary separation; it was a war of attrition which utilized the sleazy talents of private detectives and bugging devices. If Lady Lucan was highly-strung, as her critics insisted, the best that could be said about her husband was that he was an anachronism. He had been educated at Eton (despite the fact that his parents were both ardent socialists; his father leader of the opposition in the Lords for ten years before his death); he had passed through the Coldstream Guards, and then gone into the City as a merchant banker. But his passion was for high-stakes gambling, and he turned professional after a £20,000 win at *Chemin de Fer* one night in 1960. Thereafter, with the nickname 'Lucky' Lucan, his life had revolved around the exclusive gaming houses of Mayfair; *Whites*, the *St James's Club* and the *Clermont*. Lucan's inheritance of £250,000 was gone by the end of the 1960's, but he continued to gamble at the *Clermont* on funds from high street banks and credit merchants.

'He thought the country was on the edge of an abyss,' said Michael Stoop, a fellow bridge player, 'and Liberal solutions were no good anymore.' Between sipping martini cocktails, and trying to flip a Chemmy nine, Lucan and his chums discussed the chances of rescuing Old England from the Socialists in 10 Downing Street with a right-wing military coup. 'He feared a Communist revolution,' said a friend, 'and invested whatever money he had in jewellery because he said it was portable, and he knew how he was going to leave the country when the revolution came.' Back at Lower Belgrave Street he had all Hitlers most demonic speeches on record, and he would play them to bemused dinner guests when they grew tired of Bach or Scott Joplin rags. 'He was extremely right-wing,' observed one friend. 'He would talk about niggers and wogs and hanging and flogging, equally to shock and get a reaction.'

As a man's man he also refused to talk to women. 'I think he saw them as an inferior race,' said Dominick Elwes, an old Etonian friend. So there was surprise at his decision to marry Veronica Duncan, a pretty blonde typist from Hampshire whom he'd met through his friend Bill Shand Kydd. Veronica had come to London to work as a model; when her sister Christina married Shand Kydd in 1963, Veronica was chief bridesmaid, and it was at a weekend golf match just after the wedding that she met Lucan. 'I was looking for a god,' she recalled 'And he was a dream figure.'

But his routine allowed no variances to account for the presence of a wife and family, lunching at the *Clermont*, gambling till six, returning home to change for dinner, and then gambling again until 3am. Veronica found that, after producing their three children, she was obliged to accompany her husband to Mayfair if she wished to see him.

As a result of her social ostracism she suffered with depression, and when Lucan twice failed to have her committed to a mental home the couple parted. There was a custody battle, which he lost, and a legal bill of £50,000, which finished him financially.

At the time of the murder he was in desperate circumstances; obsessed with his dwindling finances; obsessed by his belief that Veronica was an unfit mother. The concern he felt over his children's welfare was not conducive to successful gambling. Something would have to be done. Four weeks before the murder he borrowed Michael Stoop's Corsair car in the knowledge that it was unassociated with him, and that it had a capacious boot, even though, as Stoop noted, his own Mercedes was in perfect working order. Later he told another friend, Greville Howard, the private secretary to Enoch Powell, that he intended to murder his wife, and dump her body in the Solent. The reasons were purely financial; he was bankrupt, and couldn't face the idea of his children seeing him disgraced in court. He would therefore kill his wife, dispose of her body, sell the house in Lower Belgrave Street, and make a fresh start.

But, of course, none of his meticulous plotting could allow for the demise of two women on the same night in the same place, and with Lady Lucan triumphantly tearing down the street as Sandra Rivett lay dead in the basement. He had no choice but to disappear.

The repercussions of that decision continued to be felt long after 1974. Twelve months later, society artist Dominick Elwes, son of the royal portrait painter, committed suicide at his studio in Chelsea, after being blackballed by Lucan's chums for talking about him to the press. At his memorial service in Farm Street, John Aspinall referred during his address to a 'genetic
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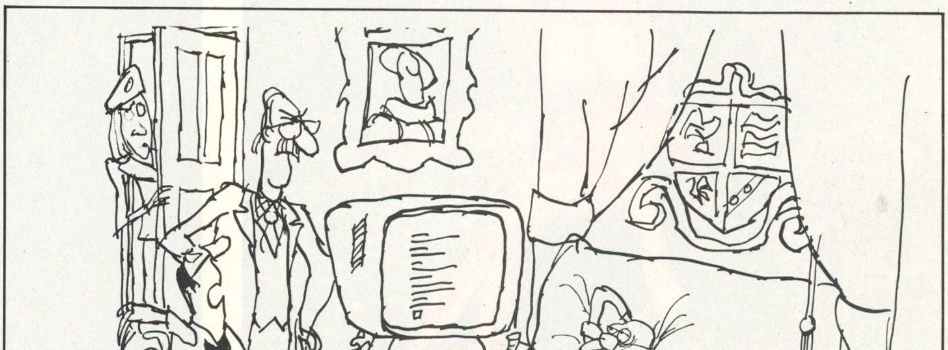

'He's not uttering any dying words until he's edited them.'

KATE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN GRAHAM

Lord Lucan

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flaw' in the Elwes lineage which accounted for poor Dominick's inability to acquire 'all the fame and fortune to which he thought he was entitled.' Later, someone socked Aspinall on the jaw.

Two years later Sir James Goldsmith revived the ancient law of criminal libel, and sued the satirical magazine *Private Eye* for implying that he had taken part in a conspiracy to spirit Lucan away to safety abroad. 'Anyone who makes any allegations about me concerning the Lucan case,' he said as he hurried to the Old Bailey, where he was issuing 63 writs against the magazine, 'can expect to be whacked for six.' The case was sensationally dropped when *Private Eye* apologised in a series of full page ads in the press.

In 1979 Lady Lucan had a nervous breakdown, and was admitted to Banstead Mental hospital. She had been evicted from Lower Belgrave Street by Lucan's creditors, and forced into selling almost everything she owned in order to clear his debts. In 1981, the tenants on the Lucan estate in Ireland, whose rents had subsidised the big gambling sprees at the *Clermont*, announced that they were in revolt. Lady Lucan took up residence in a tiny mews cottage directly behind the murder house, and tried to support her three children on a grant of £50-a-week. In 1982 she finally lost custody of them to her brother-in-law, Bill Shand Kydd, and made four attempts at suicide. She was again admitted to a psychiatric hospital after being found wandering around the streets of Belgravia in a dazed state, wearing only slippers and a rain-soaked nightie. Today, she lives alone in Eaton Row, crippled by arthritis and refusing to speak to her children. Her feelings towards Lord Lucan appear to be polarised; on one occasion she took a sushi knife to his portrait and reduced it to shreds, yet she has also spoken publicly of her 'undying love' for him.

And so we come back to the central question; what did happen to 'Lucky' Lucan? Has he been consumed by sea-life, or is he lying 'doggo' in some remote part of the world, anonymous in plastic surgery, and sustained by his wealthy friends. We'll probably never know. But the two officers who led the search for him have both since retired from the police force, and remain divided over his fate. Ranson, now a security chief for the BBC, says he's certain that 'the sea somehow holds the key to his death,' while Gerring, running a pub in Kent, believes he's 'probably living it up in some casino in Latin America!' The fact that there's no conclusive evidence to support either view is what gives the mystery its strength; it will also ensure that it remains one of the most enduring sagas in British crime.

My own feeling, isolating me from my colleagues in journalism, is that he's still alive. Suicide appears to be the most likely (and the most popular) explanation for his disappearance, not only because it would have satisfied his broken honour, but because it's difficult to imagine the furiously Anglophilic Lord Lucan existing beyond his narrow orbit of Belgravia to Mayfair. But there is a balance to be recognised. He was a gambler, as Gerring said, and he found it impossible to reconcile his status as a Peer of the Realm with a committment to his chosen occupation. Always, it was his gambler's instinct rather than his sense of honour which triumphed whenever the two strains came into conflict. 'Suicide leaves you with no options,' said one writer. 'In the gambling world it's taken for granted that Lucan's alive.'

Suicide also seems an evidentially impossible case to argue when the pattern of events surrounding the disappearance are viewed in hindsight. Let us assume that he drowned himself: If he took a boat out from Newhaven why wasn't it reported as missing by its owner? Why wasn't it found adrift? Why, for that matter, weren't Lucan's own remains dredged up from the Channel? ('I was told that if he'd drowned his body should have floated in at Eastbourne,' said Ranson, 'but of course it didn't.') Similarly, if he had choosen to perish from an overdose on the Sussex Downs — which is the only other method of committing suicide in that area, and concealing one's remains — why was his body not located in the massive aerial and ground searches that were supervised by Ranson and Gerring? And how had he obtained a lethal dosage of pills? Ranson's argument that his honour required satisfaction, and that he found the thought of his three children seeing him in court on a murder charge too much to bear is also flawed. It not only pre-supposes that the police were actually going to catch him, it also fails to take account of the fact that, by deliberately concealing his remains, he was perpetuating exactly the kind of publicity that he feared would harm them. Lucan's Crimean mentality would have compelled the act of suicide to be open and honourable.

However, it's possible that it was his intention to leaves us with the impression that he'd taken his

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For 21-year-old Miss Hewletson, *Kiss Me Kate* is not so much a musical as a job description. For the well-rounded 37-24-36 beauty first bared her boobs as a strippa-gram girl in her native town of Preston. 'It's only a part-time job, bursting into bars, kissing the client, then flashing my finest features, but it can get quite busy towards Christmas. I also do a naughty ghost for Halloween,' she added. 'A true case of being grabbed by the ghoulies' Quite a change from her sober, positively prissy day-job as a book-keeper.

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own life. The disappearance and presumed suicide of John Stonehouse was still fresh in everyone's mind, and Lucan, while not able to leave his Savile Row suit on the sea-front in Sussex, seems to have done the next best thing.

Consider again where the car was parked: Newhaven is the closest port to London, and is therefore the most obvious place for someone to go if they wish to drown themselves in the Channel. But the car was actually parked in Norman Street, which, as I saw for myself, is one of the busiest parts of the town, and a considerable walking distance from the harbour. If Lucan intended to die in the sea then there are many places which are much closer to the harbour — and distance was crucial if he wasn't to be seen wandering around in the middle of the night in blood-stained clothes.

Secondly, there is the question of times: I found during my own interviews with detectives that the car was parked — according to residents — sometime between 5am and 8am on the Friday morning; that's between four and seven hours *after* he left Uckfield. Since it takes only half-an-hour to make the journey from Mrs Maxwell-Scott's, we're left with up to 6½ hours totally unaccounted for. What was he doing in that time? Those who believe the suicide theory can only suggest that he sat pondering on the events of the night before taking his last walk down to the shore. But equating 6½ hours with one's own daily routine illustrates how ludicrous an idea this is: Lucan was an essentially impulsive person whose ruminations on escape or suicide would have been made in the drive from London.

Finally, there is one last piece of evidence which has been largely ignored by the police and press, but which proves that he drew assistance that night from someone else other than his mother and Mrs Maxwell-Scott: The telephone call. It was received by the Dowager at her flat in St John's Wood, and did not, she said, come from a call box; nor was it made at Lucan's own flat in Elizabeth Street (the police said he did not return there after leaving to commit his perfect murder), or from the house in Lower Belgrave Street before his departure (Baker and Beddick were busy bashing down the front door at the time the call was being made). Who, therefore, admitted Lord Lucan into their home at about 10pm? Who gave him access to a private telephone? And why do they still keep their silence 15 years after he vanished? The answers to those questions, unfortunately will probably never be established.

Recently, Ladbroke's expert Ron Pollard gave the odds against finding him at more than a 1000-1; greater, even, than those against finding the Loch Ness Monster or the Abominable Snowman. It's an estimate that would have delighted him. If he's still alive — my certainty being that he 'lay doggo' in England, having planted the car at Newhaven, possibly with the person who provided him with a telephone, until he had sufficient funds to escape abroad. The most likely domicile for someone of Lucan's peculiar, hedonistic nature would be South Africa, a segregated and highly-structured society where he had numerous friends among the white aristocracy. 'South Africa is a likely possibility,' said Detective Chief Superintendent Drummond Marvin, recent recipient of the file at Scotland Yard. I asked him about sightings there. 'There have been many over the years,' he said, 'although none of them are confirmed.' Interpol withdrew from South Africa in 1952, and the Metropolitan police, deprived of funds to chase their suspect abroad, were heavily reliant on Interpol to check all sightings outside the UK; nor is there any extradition treaty with Britain. However, it's unlikely that Lucan will ever return to England, if he's still around, either to face justice or to try to clear his name. He has already been branded a murderer by the Coroner's Inquest (a verdict which resulted in a change in the Criminal Justice Act, preventing anyone being named as a murderer prior to a high court trial), and his overwhelming considerations would, as always, be the effect of his actions upon his children.

Since 1981 it has been possible for Lady Lucan to have her husband declared legally dead. She has refused 'for financial reasons.' Last year, her son George reached 21 (his sister, Frances, 23, now works as a solicitor in Mayfair; Camilla, the youngest, is 18 and studying for A Levels), and he, too, could have put into action the legal machinery necessary for him to assume the 8th Earldom. But George wishes to have nothing to do with any legacies from his father, or with the Lucan name. He has refused a lordship-in-courtesy, and letters which arrive at his London home are addressed, simply, to Mr George Bingham. Unless he changes his mind, 'Lucky' Lucan's entry will therefore continue to appear each year in *Who's Who*. His name tag will stay over his peg in the changing rooms of the House of Lords. And the unsolved question behind Britain's most celebrated mystery will continue, in the words of Superintendent Ranson, 'to fascinate all those who come into contact with it.'

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With the slender delicate lines of a ballet dancer, *Ilan Voyager* looks more like a futuristic fantasy than a sea-going passenger ship. But Nigel Irens' prototype is fast and fuel efficient, and looks set to win back the Blue Riband for Britain

Sugar-Plum Ferry!

It may look more like the *Starship Enterprise* but it could be the ferry of the future. *Ilan Voyager* (*Ilan* stands for 'Incredibly long and narrow') is a prototype powerboat, but its trimaran design is not purely to make it fast. When scaled up, to over twice its current size, it should carry passengers quicker, safer and more comfortably than ever before.

Ilan was designed by Bristolian Nigel Irens whose yachts already hold many records including the fastest daily run of any craft (524 miles at an average 21.8 knots by *Formule Tag*). But with this project he was following in the wake of Sir Charles Parsons who discovered 100 years ago that long, slim, vessels can offer more accommodation at a higher speed using less horsepower than any other. *Ilan* takes this to its logical extreme. Seventy feet long by nearly 39 feet wide (the full-size version will be over 165 feet), its draught is only just over three feet meaning that it would need just a mere 10 hp outboard to do 10 knots — although it is currently equipped with 250 of Iveco diesel. The result is incredible economy. To cross the Atlantic at an average 15 knots, *Ilan Voyager* would needs just two tons of fuel (compared to the 36 tons plus used by Richard Branson's craft *Atlantic Challenger II*).

Because of its design, conventional rudder system would be all-but-useless, so *Ilan* is steered by directional water jets powered by another engine, this time a 40 hp Fiat. Placed on the waterline on both sides foward and aft, they make the craft extremely manoeuvreable, though the multiplicity of controls take some handling at first.

Photographed by Andrew Morland

But the most remarkable feature of *Ilan Voyager* is her ability to carry her payload without the discomfort of most sea crossings. The long thin shape enables the craft to 'bridge' waves. The weight being centred (only the middle 40 per cent of the hull would be used for passengers), means that it virtually never pitches or rolls like conventional vessels. And thanks to the two enormous outriggers, a full-speed, full-lock turn can be managed without any problem whatsoever.

So what of the future of Britain's most beautiful 'ferry?'. Record breaking seems inevitable although a 70 hour Round Britain trip had to be

The futuristic, almost delicate lines of Ilan Voyager, *Nigel Irens' prototype passenger ship. Its long thin shape and shallow draught make her less likely to pitch and roll, and more fuel efficient than conventionally designed boats or ferries.*

'I look very different with my hair in a bun, wearing my dark blue suit,' she says. 'It's like leading a double life. By day, a mild mannered penpusher, then by night — tarrah! — I turn into Strippagirl, outrageous and raunchy.' Doesn't she ever feel tempted to liven up the office with a flirtatious interlude, courtesy of her alter-ego? 'It's more than my job's worth,' she grins. 'My boss would burst his waistcoat buttons,and that wouldn't be a pretty sight.'

CHELSEA HARBOUR
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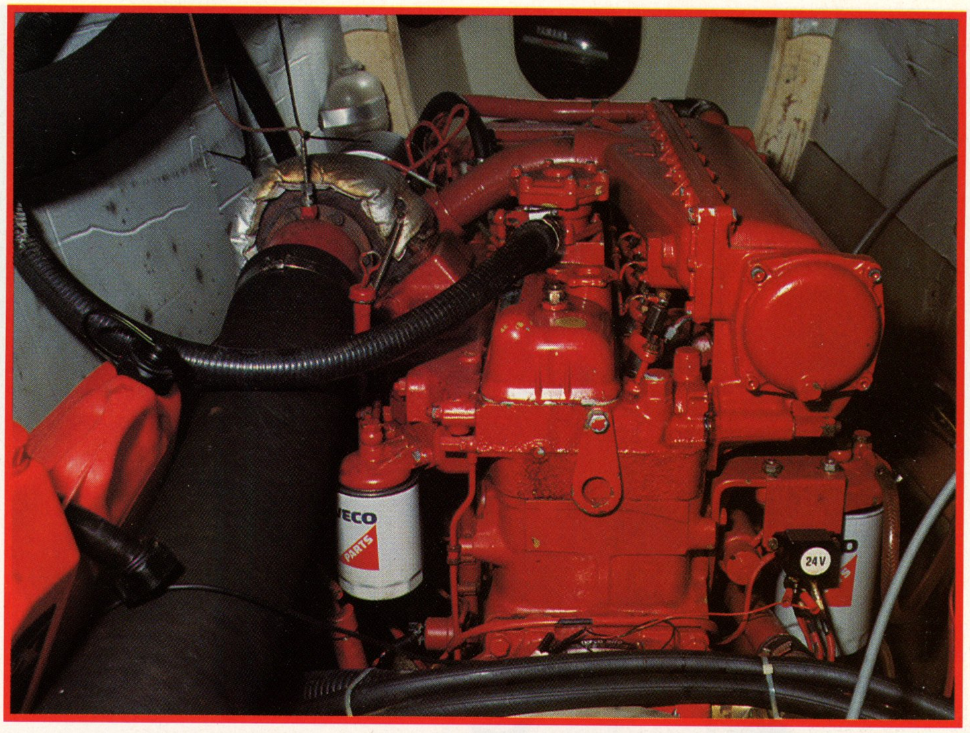
ILAN VO

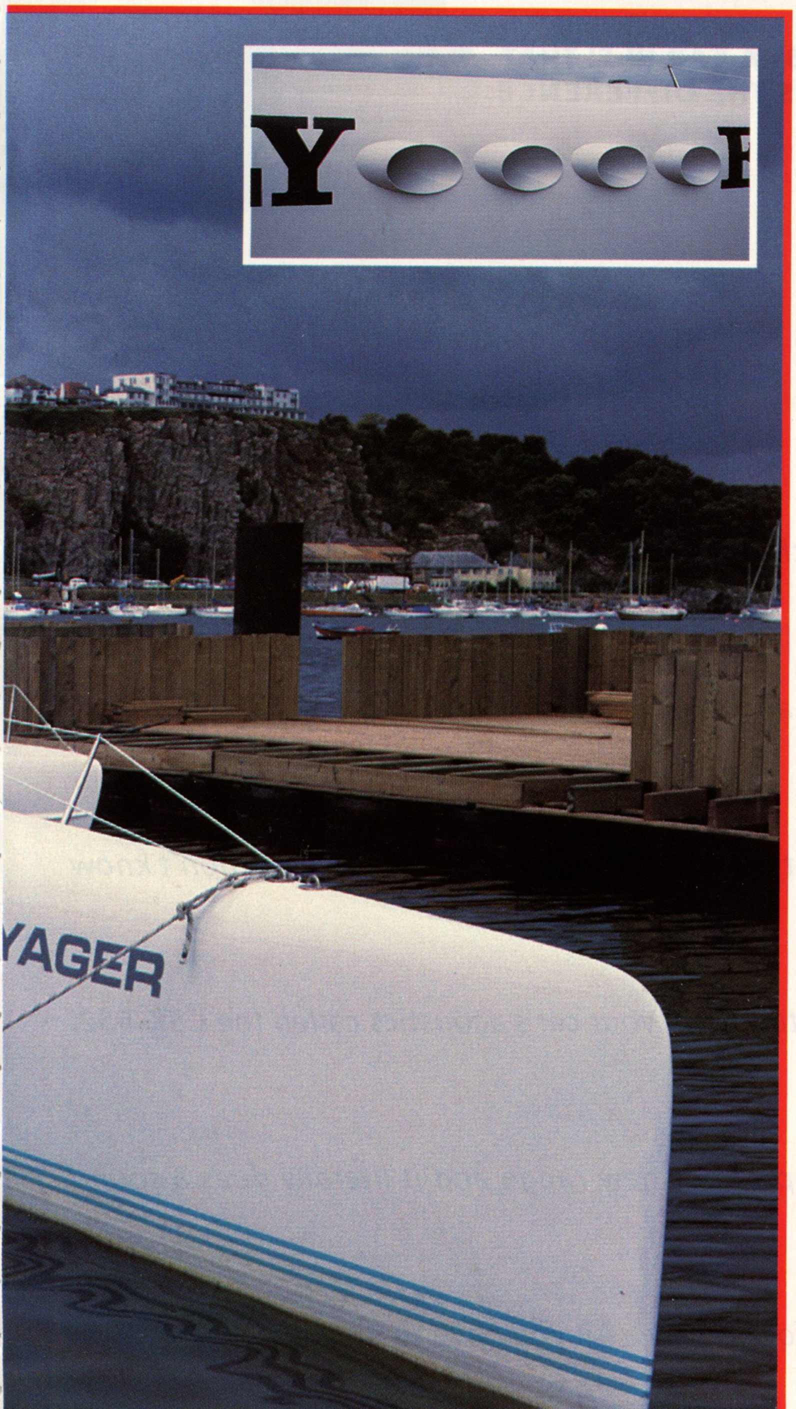
Kate's main hobby has a more-than-tenuous connection with her work. She's started collecting naughty undies, from the sensually sublime to the ridiculous. Her favourites? A tiny pair of satin briefs with the warning, 'Slippery when wet'. 'I don't so much have a knicker drawer as a filing cabinet,' she grins, 'each section carefully labelled. My methodical side coming out, I suppose.' So, if you're in a pub in Preston around Halloween, and a particularly stunning spectre asks, 'Trick or treat? — opt for the latter.

abandoned because of bad weather (and this was no feeble excuse — conditions were so appalling work was stopped on the North Sea oil rigs!). But hopes are high for regaining the Blue Riband trophy. And this would make even purists happy. Unlike Mr Branson, *Ilan* will not need to stop to refuel, and will carry passengers (maybe 80 of them) just like the liners of old when they competed for the title.

Ilan Voyager may not look much like the Isle of Wight ferry but chances are when scaled to size it will be faster, more economical and less likely to make you seasick than the hulks that currently ply their trade on the Solent. But one thing is for certain, it will be a lot more attractive to look at.

Ilan Voyager is built by Ilan Form Ltd of Bristol and sponsored by Iveco and the *Daily Express*.





The shape of this trimaran makes ordinary rudder steering all-but useless, so instead Ilan Voyager *is manoeuvred by water jets (see inset main picture left). Powered by a Fiat engine, these jets make tight cornering easy, but, as can be seen from the interior (above) the controls are more complex than a conventional ship.* Ilan Voyager *is powered by an 250 hp Iveco disel engine, and looks set to break many records including regaining the Blue Riband.*

It was just another quiet day at the police station. Cindy Lou was showing off her well-rounded rump, the Deputy crashed the patrol car, and Chief Running Water was trying to sell dirty videos. Then Sheriff Cox really landed up to his neck in it...

CRUNCH TIME IN BEAVER COUNTY

Fiction by David Fountain

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK DRAISEY/THE GALLERY

Sheriff Wayne King Cox swilled down the last of his Budweiser, tossed the can in with the rest of the trash littering the corner of his office. Then with a yawn like a hippo hitting a top C in opera, he hauled his bulk from the swivel chair, and sauntered into the afternoon sunlight. There was a ladder leaned against the side of the police house. He turned his craggy head, and looked up, squinting at the sky through the skimpy chiffon of Cindy Lou's pelmet dress. She was reaching out to polish up the station house light. Just eighteen and tanned all over, her pup breasts rolled under the hot fabric, and as the lazy breeze tweaked at the hem of the dress he saw the bubble cheeks of her well rounded backside spread like Louis Armstrong breaking into his famous grin.

'Blood and dammit, Cindy Lou,' he cursed, feeling a stirring despite himself. 'What have I told you afore about puttin' on some underwear when you're up them steps? Now any vagrant or itinerant could just walk by here and see yer full body hair on display there.'

She tilted her head in a soda stream of blonde curls and wicked little lights lit in her eyes.

'So?' she said. 'I don't remember you putting no deposit on it.'

'Hell's hosses, we had us an understanding.'

'Sure,' she answered. 'I understands you only want me for one thing...well, maybe two or three, and you understand I'm a free agent. I don't know why you're complaining anyhow.' She finished, sliding her fingers up the stem of the lamp.

'Appears to have put a neat crease in your uniform pants for yer.'

The Sheriff squirmed awkwardly, and tried to shift the gunbelt round his paunch to disguise the battle of the bulge.

'Jeez, you know how to tempt a man to within an inch of his temper,' he said, red starting to pour into his face.

'Ha! Inch is just about right.'

She puckered her lips and kinked one leg at the knee so the shining pink toenails splayed along

POLICE

the next rung. Delicate beads of perspiration shone like sequins on her forehead and shoulders.
The Sheriff slapped his leg with the flat of his horny hand.
'Now get yourself down here afore'n I do something you'll be sorry fer.' he said irritably.
'Shan't,' she told him petulantly. 'Sides, you can only see so much 'cause you're standing just underneath. Move out into the roadway there like any decent person.'
'Dammit, Cindy. I'll swing fer you one of these days, I swear I will.'
'You go on and do it.'
Cursing under his breath, Sheriff Cox waddled out into the centre of the dusty street, turned, and shaded his eyes with a flat out hand. She twisted front on so a waterfall of sunlight streamed through the dress, highlighting her cut grapefruit cleavage and muscle shoal of curved thigh and stomach. She pushed a hand at the back of her head so the curls frothed forward and peered tantalisingly out at him from under the precocious tangle.
'See. How's this for a Marilyn Monroe lookalike?' she shouted.
The Sheriff opened his mouth to speak just as there was a roar from the top of the hill, and the battered squad car vaulted over the brim, all four wheels in the air, smoke and steam pouring from the engine vents. It hit the cement with a graunch of sparks and the silencer baffle took off on its own. Rubber squealed as it veered from side to side, and a sweating Deputy Deraillia in the driver's seat started waving and yelling, his face all contorted.
'Get outta the way, Sheriff! Get outta the way! The brakes is shot. Oh my good God,' he screamed.
He braced his arms against the wheel, and clenched his eyes shut. Sheriff Cox turned about.
'Now what's the fool boy up to now.'
Then his eyes opened wider than sunbathing oysters.
'I don't believe this. Deraillia, you fu..u..u...'
The front fender picked him up by the straps on his boots, and threw him onto the windshield as the car shot past the station house. It thundered up the service ramp to Verne Carter's melon store, then ploughed through the first storey, splattering rind and juice, and clattering strips of whitewood wall all along one side in a catherine-wheel display of splintered destruction and slithering wet melon flesh.
The car crashed through the rear of the building out into the open once again, stripped the fruit off a row of blueberry bushes then hammered to a crunching halt in a dirt bank. The windshield wipers came off in the Sheriff's hands as he trampolined forward, executed a perfect double reflex jack-knife dive in mid air, then hit terra firma in the middle of the pig pen out back. Pig shit and garbage scraps flew up in all directions like one of those slow motion films of volcanoes erupting. The Sheriff performed a synchronised swim in slime with tumbling piglets and came to rest face down beside the county's biggest sow.
The squad car groaned and twanged as, one by one, its suspension springs snapped and skewered the bodywork, Deraillia shoved open the door and fell out, holding his head, as the buckled chassis collapsed. He clambered up through the smoke, then down the other side toward the pig pen. From her vantage point on the ladder, Cindy Lou pressed a red-nailed nimble finger in her mouth, and sucked on it thoughtfully.
The sow sauntered lugubriously over to the spreadeagled Sheriff, and prodded his head. He whipped round into a sitting position, and smacked her on the nose with his hat.
'Get your goddam snout outta my ear!' he yelled, only his mouth and eyes recognisable from a face brown and drippling like a caramel left out in the sun. The deputy reached the side of the pen, breath heaving in and out of his body.
'Jeez!' he said. 'You OK, Sheriff? There was nuthin I could do about it. The brakes just gave out on me along the mountain road. I'm lucky to be alive.'
Sheriff Cox wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and spat into the muck.
'You think so?' he said. 'Deputy Deraillia, you're one of a kind. After God made you he broke the mould. And you know why he did that, huh?'
He stood shakily — the incredible melting man.
'CAUSE HE DIDN'T WANNA START NO FRIGGIN COMPETITION FER CHIEF IMBECILE, THAT'S WHY!' he bawled.
'Dammit, if my gun weren't all jammed up with turnip tops and shit I'd blow your goddam brains out. Geddin here and help me outta this.'
'Sure, Sheriff,' Deraillia siad, climbing the gate, and sliding in with him. 'Anything you say, only you know that car shoudda been pensioned off five years since.'
Verne Carter sauntered along the top of the dirt bank in his farmer's dungarees, and stood watching for a while. He took out a pocket knife, slit the top off a raw beetroot, and took a deep bite from it, juice smearing across his unshaven face.
'I seen this kinda thing afore,' he remarked at last. 'Happens all the time in the movies, usually when Clint Eastwood's trying to bust somebody fer drugs. You think my pigs abeen stashing drugs, Sheriff, only I can tell you they ain't. They just *smell* high, that's all.'
Deraillia hauled the Sheriff out of the pen, his throat gagging at the stink.
'Now I don't need no sarcasm from you, Verne,' the Sheriff said.
'Get off outta here afore I arrest you fer civil disobedience.'
Carter chewed solemnly.
'You mean after you just drive yer squad car through the roof of my storehouse, wiped out my wife's crop of blueberries, and nearly made early bacon outta the pigs yonder? Now that's some insurance claim document I'd like to see. Guess the boys in the lawyers' office gonna sheet themselves stupid alaughing at this one.' he replied.
Sheriff Cox growled, little tremors running like San Andreas seismic readings round his mouth and chins. No way was he going to step down, but maybe a little sideways shuffle would ease the situation.
'Alright, alright. You make out a claim, and I'll put it in as vandalising damage by drunken injuns. Now don't go arguing with me, Verne. Just do it. Come on, Deraillia. We got us some serious talking to do to the county transport manager.'
He squelched off back towards the stationhouse, Deraillia hovering apologetically. Cindy Lou had come down from the ladder, and was leaning against the filing cabinet, the big black iron fan throwing cooling ripples across her legs and skirt, chill hard nipples pushing foward like ice cream cones. She held a peeled banana in her hand, and had the stalk poised before slightly parted Dolcé Vita lips and a glint-line of straight white teeth.
'Get headquarters on that goddam radio while I

turn to page 64

Your favourite Page 3 girl

Magnetic

MARIA WHITTAKER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

Well, glamour fans, what can we tell you about marvellous Maria Whittaker that you dedicated form watchers don't already know? Now that Sam Fox has moved her powerful pair of lungs over to the pop circuit, Maria, who is 21 this month, stands head and certain other bits above other Page Three girls and is, without doubt, Page Three's uncrowned queen. Her popularity just keeps on growing and growing — last year the 38D-24-34 smasher from West London became the Page Three girl of the year.

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cleans myself up some,' Cox snarled as he stalked into the washroom out back.
'Sure, Sheriff. Ah, afternoon Miss Cindy Lou.'
Cindy pressed the tip of the banana into her mouth, slid writhing lips down two thirds the length of the stalk, then pulled it out again in a slow, succulent sigh. It glistened with saliva. Deraillia swallowed.
'Hi, Deputy,' she said in a mahogany smooth voice. 'Ain't seen much of you lately, if you follows my meaning.'
'No,' Deraillia answered. 'Well, it ain't so easy. The Sheriff's always around and all.'
'Like a big kid with a lucky dip barrel. I know. But I'm sure we could. . . arrange somethin', couldn't we?'
Her wide whites of eyes were sending out signals a blind man down a gold mine couldn't have mistaken. She slid out a scoop tongue, and ran it around the white fruit tip. Deraillia would have swallowed again, if his throat hadn't been so dry.
'Sure,' he said. 'Ah, I guess I better get on the radio. Muffville City, this is Deputy Deraillia from Beaver County. We got a message for ya, over.'
The speaker shushed for a second.
'We copy you, Beaver County. Go ahead.'
'Sheriff Cox wants to speak with the transport captain, only can you hold the line. His ears are full of pig shit right now.'
'Ten four, Derallia. Been talking to himself again, huh? No sweat. I'll patch you through.'
The Sheriff re-emerged, cleaner but smeared, messing up his remaining hair with a towel.
Cindy Lou pressed her teeth into the pulpy fruit, and cut a segment clean into her mouth.
'Well?' he demanded.
'They're on the line, Sheriff,' the deputy said, passing the mike.
'Gimme that thing. This is Sheriff Wayne King Cox, chief of the poleece out here in Beaver County. I wanna talk to you guys 'bout getting me a new patrol vehicle.'
'That right, Sheriff?'
'That's right, boy and I'll tell you fer why. 'Cause the one we got is just about all beat up chasing villains cross wild country out here. We ain't all got six lane highways and faggot comfy stations on every block. Some of us has to drive on *real* roads. Some of us lives like men.'
He blew his nose on the towel. There was silence from the other end, then the voice said; 'You able to write your own name, Sheriff?'
'Sure I'm able to write my name, dammit. We ain't all illiterate carrot crunchers. Now just waddaya mean by that, boy? I get the impression you don't rightly know who're you're dealing with here.'
'I got a brand new squad car in state livery standing not twenty yards from me at this minute, Muffville continued. 'Nobody outside of the factory's ever driven her. You wanna come over, and sign your name, you can have it.'
'Just like that?'
'That's what I said.'
'No shit? Ah, we got us a slight transportation problem over here presently. Any chance you can deliver?'
'This ain't Hertz car rentals, Sheriff. You want it, you come get it.'
'OK, I just don't know how we're gonna get to you' that's all.'
'Well, I tell you what. You got some of those rocket maroons stored away in case of national emergencies?'
'I sure as Jesus has,' Sheriff Cox answered, a grin twisting his rubber features.
'OK. Well, stick one of those up your ass and light it. That'll get you over here quicker 'n spit. Muffville out.'
The speaker rushed with static. The Sheriff turned off his grin, and threw the microphone onto the desk.
'Devil's cesspits, ain't there nobody over there got respect for authority no more?'
Cindy Lou bolted the last of the banana, and clapped her hands.
'We goin' to the city?' she asked.
Sheriff Cox sighed.
'Now, wait a minute, Cindy Lou. I didn't say nuthin about . . .'
'I'll go get changed,' she said, aiming for the door. 'There's a bus at six. Meet you outside the turnaround. See ya later.'
'Now just hold yer hosses!'
Too late. He watched her backside swivel off into the distance.
'Hell's teeth.' 'You want me to go in yer place, Sheriff?' Deraillia asked, without a deal of hope.
Sheriff Cox squinted suspiciously from wet cement eyes stamped on by big-footed crows.
'D'you have any conception how far I'd trust you with that girl in a brand new squad car?' he said.
Deraillia sighed. ''Bout as far as a camel can spit barbed wire?'
The Sheriff snapped his fingers.
'Boy, that's the first sensible thing you said today. Now go get my other uniform outta the closet. I'll be damned if'n I'll give those city cops the satisfaction of seein' me all soiled up like a corn-chewer.'
A trip to the city was a big deal for Cindy Lou, so she dressed for the occasion — a white, low-cut tee-shirt with 'Lucky Sucker' printed across it; tight white shorts that cut harder up into her crotch than a bikini pouch; six inch stilletto heels with string thin thongs that scraped and clattered with primitive rhythm as she moved; silky mauve ribbon twined in her hair, her toenails and fingernails painted to match. The bus driver held up the queue for ten minutes while he took her fare, and watched her walk to the back of the bus.
It was late evening when the paperwork was finished, and a euphoric Sheriff Cox drove the shining silver and blue squad car out of the pound into the city streets. Cindy Lou squirmed and moaned, luxuriating in the musky smell of the deep sumptuous upholstery and carpetting on the floor.
'I ain't never been in a new car afore.' she said. 'There's somethin' all pent-up and exciting about it. It's giving me a real itch, know what I mean, Sheriff?'
Street lights glossed up her long, elegant legs and heels. Her breasts hung like plump, ripe fruits just begging to be squeezed. She slid her hand along the top of his leg, and let one fingernail tic-tic-tic down the steps of his zipper.
'Yeah?' said the Sheriff. He turned off the main road, and up an incline into a blind alley. 'Sure makes you feel somethin'.'
'Mmm, I like it,' she said, tousled hair rolling against the protection grid separating front from back. She slid down the seat, and jabbed her heels up on the dash. Sheriff Cox heard the poppers go on her shorts, and saw them slide to the floor as she hoiked the tee-shirt away from her flat stomach.
'You gonna go down on me first, big boy, mm?' she asked.
The Sheriff felt like he'd won first prize in the Christmas Turkey draw. Manoeuvering round the gear shift he lowered his face into oven-warm velvet. Cindy Lou groaned and bucked. Her back arched, her head swung to and fro, her fingers tensed around the handbrake, and her thrusting legs spread until one of the heels jabbed at the line of switches recessed into the dash.
It was at the climatic height of her delirium that her clenched hand released the brake, and the pulsating heel switched on all the lights, sirens, and the speaker system. The car rolled back into the main flow of traffic, across three lanes screeching and swerving, with Cindy's orgasmic shouts echoing from the public address mixed with emergency whoop-whooing, kaleidoscopes of flashing red, amber and blue, and an amplified Sheriff Cox yelling; 'Jesus Christ, Cindy Lou. . .Cindy Lou. . .Cindy Lou. Will you let me get my head out from between your legs. . .between your legs. . .between your legs. . .'
Traffic came to a halt in all directions as a flustered Sheriff with a semi-naked 18-year-old upended on his passenger seat struggled with unfamiliar controls to shut down the storm of noise. It was at this point the local radio 'Eye in the Sky' helicopter showed up, and threw down spotlight cones to illuminate the scene.
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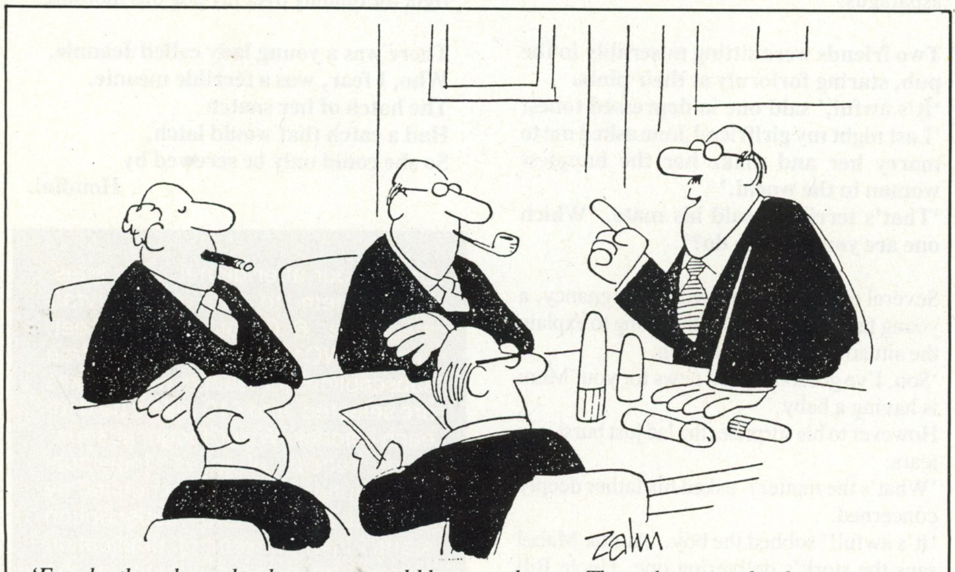

'Free leather chequebook covers are old hat, gentlemen. These days most bank accounts are opened by women. . .'

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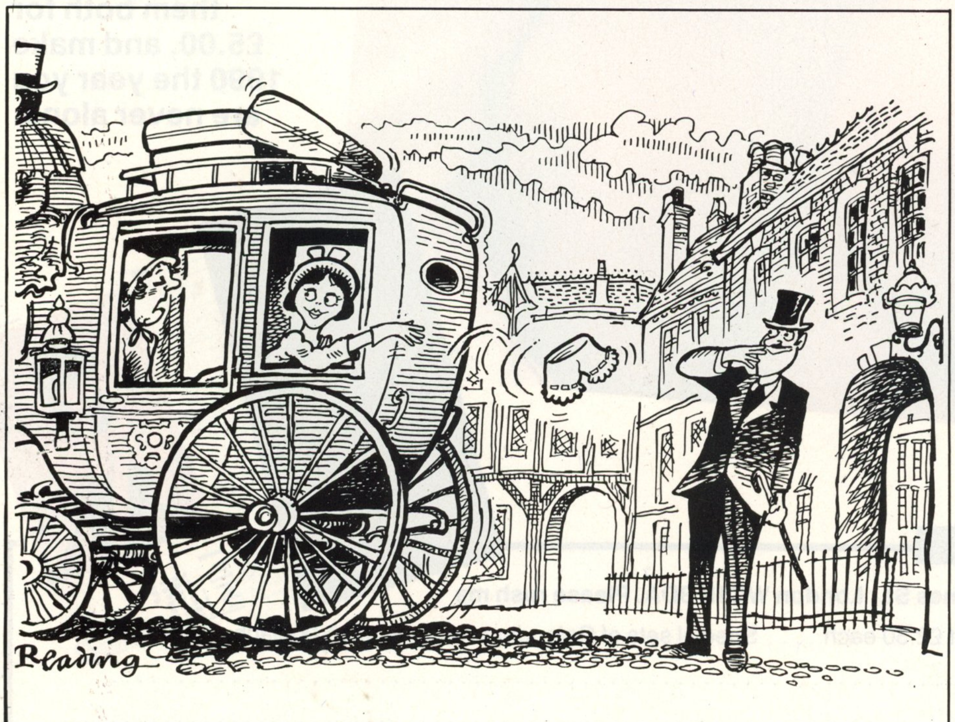
Headquarters called up on the radio to ask if he needed assistance. Just this once, Sheriff Cox said nothing.
They drove back to Beaver County in a sullen silence. As they pulled up the Deputy came running out waving a pair of field glasses.
'Sheriff, Sheriff. Boy, am I glad you're back. There'll be hell to pay. Lookee up there.'
The Sheriff trained the glasses in the direction he was pointing, and focussed on a lumpy grey object suspended mysteriously in the sky.
'Blood and dammit,' he expounded, 'It's one of them there UFO's. Quick, Deraillia. Call the Air Force.'
'No, Sheriff, it's Mrs Carter, Verne's wife. She stripped off body naked, and climbed to the top of the flagpole in the centre of town as a protest against you wiping out her blueberry trees. She says she ain't coming down again until Verne gets the proper compensation he's due.'
'Burn my skull!' He put the glasses back on his eyes. 'Sure ain't a heavenly body. You hadn't informed me otherwise, Deraillia, I'd aswore pigs *could* fly after all. We gotta do something about this afore the mayor gets to hear of it. Get that manure heap Carter on the phone right away.'
'OK, Sheriff. And there's somethin' else you should know. Chief Running Dog's waiting inside to see ya.'
'Well, ain't that just all I need.' He slammed the car door, and stalked into the office, Deraillia and Cindy Lou following. In the corner stood the tall, stoical figure of a Sioux Indian chief, a mass of greasy black hair, plaited buckskin and feathers.
'What the hell you doing in here, Chief?' You know there's a midnight curfew on you injuns.'
'Chief Running Dog come in answer to Sheriff's cry for help,' the chief said sonorously. 'Have just received consignment of videos from far across the raging waters. Sweden, to be precise. Came to give Sheriff pick of the bunch.'
The Sheriff grimaced, splaying his fingers to hold down the noise.
'Now, chief, you know as a fact I never ordered no suspect tapes from you.' he said, teeth gritted. The chief scowled and sniffed haughtily.
'White man speak with forked tongue.' he said.
'That right?' Cindy Lou asked. 'Well, he ain't never used it on me.'
'You hush up,' the Sheriff rapped. 'You're in disgrace, the mess you got me into tonight.'
'I ain't done nuthin,' she said, and slammed her butt down on the desk beside the chief. His black bead eyes gave her the once over. His eyebrows twitched approvingly.
'Sheriff, I got Verne on the line.'
'Gimme that. You come back tomorrow, chief, huh? Hallo, Verne. Now, lookee here. We gotta get your lady wife off'n that flagpole afore the morning.'
The chief shuffled his moccasins on the floor, and spoke to Cindy Lou through the corner of his mouth.
'You one pretty squaw,' he said. 'You wanna know interesting fact? Indians have no body hair. Supple and strong like an eel.'
She smiled at him.
'Really?'
'And we got superb rhythm, like Tamla Motown. Comes from all them years of riding ponies away from gun-running palefaces. Going with Indian like mounting palominoes in the moonlight. Why do you think the Lone Ranger always have such smile on his face?'
Cindy Lou licked her lips and trailed her fingers along her calf.
'Mmm. Sounds kinda nice.'
'You wanna try it sometime. You come over my teepee. Got Mercedes mobile home, TV, sauna, the works. Chief make pretty good big time for little flower blossom.' He leaned over and whispered; 'Hung like buffalo,' then winked. 'Me go now, take blue movies home. Fat man don't want them. . . who give s a shit. Chief catch you later, huh?'
'Yeah,' she said, studying the Sheriff. 'Maybe I'll just do that.'
He put on his personal stereo headphones, and strode out into the night.
'OK, Verne,' the Sheriff finished. 'I guess you got me by the bolls on this one. You just get her the hell outta there, and I'll do anything you want, OK?' He rammed down the phone. 'Damn that peanut-brained hick. Deraillia, break out the Jack Daniels. Ain't no point going to bed now. Be dawn in an hour or so.'
'Well, then, I think I'll just take myself off home,' Cindy Lou announced, 'and thanks for a wonderful time.' She stood, and stared petulantly at him.
'Now, Cindy Lou. Don't take on like that. Maybe I was a little hard on you earlier. I thought maybe we could take a drive now it's good'n quiet, and finish our little business. Waddaya say . . . huh?'
'Well . . .'
The sun was breaking over the ridge as the Sheriff drove down the dirt track, and into the swirling cover of the corn field. He switched off the engine, and they sat listening to the cicadas and mockingbirds.
'You're not still angry with your daddy is you, honey?' the Sheriff said mawkishly to Cindy Lou. She pouted.
'You shouted at me.'
'Aw, you know I didn't mean nuthin by it. Come on. Slip off them slinky shorts and let me give you a good time. You was almost there before, remember.'
'Well, alright then,' she said, undoing the poppers, 'only don't blame me if it all goes wrong.'
The Sheriff laughed.
'What could go wrong? We're out in the middle of no place. Don't worry your pretty head. You just concentrate on having yourself a bean of a time.'
She curled up her legs, and he pulled them round his ears, the heels digging into his neck. She began shaking, squashing his face hard against her pelvis, pulsing to and from him as his neck was twisted at an aggravating angle. Then she lolled back her head, and screamed with pleasure and shock as the great black blade came out of the sun.
It hit the windshield and popped it in a snowstorm of glass, then scythed into the uprights and ripped up the front of the roof as though it were a tuna fish can. Another blade followed in a churning, rumbling roar, severing the door ribs, and dragging them away in squealing, buckling candy twists. A third came down, and a fourth, and a fifth, chewing off the top of the car along its whole length in fanning sprays of sparks and paint and glass until everything above the steering column had gone. A vast shadow fell over them, then passed, and dumped half a bail of fresh cut corn into the newly-customised convertible.
All the sound and fury ceased, and with a grunt the Sheriff's ashen face peered from the wreckage as Cindy Lou brushed the debris from her hair.
Verne Carter leaned out of the cab of his harvester, looked down on the couple *in flagranti*, then at the warped blades of his machine, and pulled his face into a resigned shrug.
'Well,' he said at last. 'Can't see the insurance guys believing this one either. Guess I'll go call my wife, get her naked back up the flagpole. You want me to get on to Muffville about another squad car while I'm at it, huh, Sheriff? Sheriff?'
Sheriff Cox did not answer. He let out a long sigh like a matron enjoying a quiet fart, then lay back in his jaccussi of paint and glass and chaff, and shook his head sadly as a solitary tear rolled down either cheek.



'A lightly perfumed hankerchief is generally deemed adequate, Gwendoline!'

There's more good news for disconsolate Maria fans, too — she's now a single woman again! Yes, Maria has split up with her longterm boyfriend after the couple disagreed over her pictures in the *News of the World*. The problems involves *two* Mr Wrights. It began when Maria posed for a series of sensual pictures with male model Alan Wright. The pictures, taken at the £500,000 Essex mansion the couple shared, so incensed boyfriend Jason Wright that it spelled the end of their two and a half year love affair. 'He said I had to give up Page Three and topless modelling for good,' Maria sobbed to the press, when news of their sorry separation became public.

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

After searching the 8.42 to Waterloo for somewhere to sit, the young man came to a compartment empty save for two gentlemen in pinstripes. So he went in and sat down. However, he couldn't help noticing that one of the men kept frantically scratching the underside of his left arm. In fact, he continued scratching all the way to Clapham when the young man just had to ask if he was alright.
'No, it's my piles playing up,' said the man.
The young man looked somewhat surprised.
'You'll have to excuse my colleague,' whispered the other gent. 'He's an MP, and doesn't know his arse from his elbow.'

A man arrived home early to find his wife being bonked by a strange man.
'My God!' exclaimed the husband. 'Who's that?' His wife looked unperturbed.
'I don't know,' she replied. 'It's a new one on me.'

Why should you never try to have sex with 288 people?
It's two gross.

The tiny remote Somerset village of Morten Harket was visited by a bible-thumping preacher from the southern States of America. In the small parish church, the pews were full for the first time in centuries to hear the evangelist's sermon.
'Brethren,' he said, his voice booming around the 12th century stone walls. 'We are gathered here today to talk about sin. For the Lord says that all those who have sinned will have the wrath of God brought down upon their heads.
'And the Lord says that all those who have told lies will be buried with their heads above the grave, and the wrath of God will be brought down upon those heads.'
'Oooh! Ahhh!' replied the congregation in awe.
'And the Lord says that those who have stolen will be buried with their arms above the grave, and the wrath of God will be brought down on them.'
'Oooh! Ahhh!' sighed the congregation again.
'And the Lord says all those who have committed adultery will be buried-
'Hang on, preacher,' came a voice from the back of the church. 'If you're gonna say what I think you're gonna say, everyone will think the entire village has gone over to planting asparagus.'

Two friends were sitting miserably in the pub, staring forlornly at their pints.
'It's awful,' said one in depressed tones. 'Last night my girlfriend Jane asked me to marry her and make her the happiest woman in the world.'
'That's terrible,' said his mate. 'Which one are you going to do?'

Several months into his wife's pregnancy, a young father was faced with having to explain the situation to his young son.
'Son, I've got some good news for you. Mum is having a baby.'
However to his surprise, the lad just burst into tears.
'What's the matter?' asked his father deeply concerned.
'It's awful!' sobbed the boy. 'Auntie Mabel says the stork's delivering one. Uncle Bill says there's one growing under the gooseberry bush, and Granny told me that doctor's going to bring one in his bag. Now Mummy's having one as well — the place will be swarming with them!'

A young, rather immature man wandered into a brothel in Soho, and asked the madam whether any of her girls had VD. Naturally, she insisted that all her girls were clean, at which point the lad's face dropped.
'What's the matter?' she asked.
'I'm sorry, she must have a dose.'
'Whatever for?'
'I want to catch it.'
'Why?' exclaimed the madam.
'Then I'll give it to the au pair and she'll give it to Dad, then he'll give it to Mum and she'll give it to the milkman — and serve the bastard right for running over my dog this morning.'

There was a young lady called Jeannie,
Who, I fear, was a terrible meanie.
The hatch of her snatch
Had a catch that would latch,
So she could only be screwed by
Houdini.

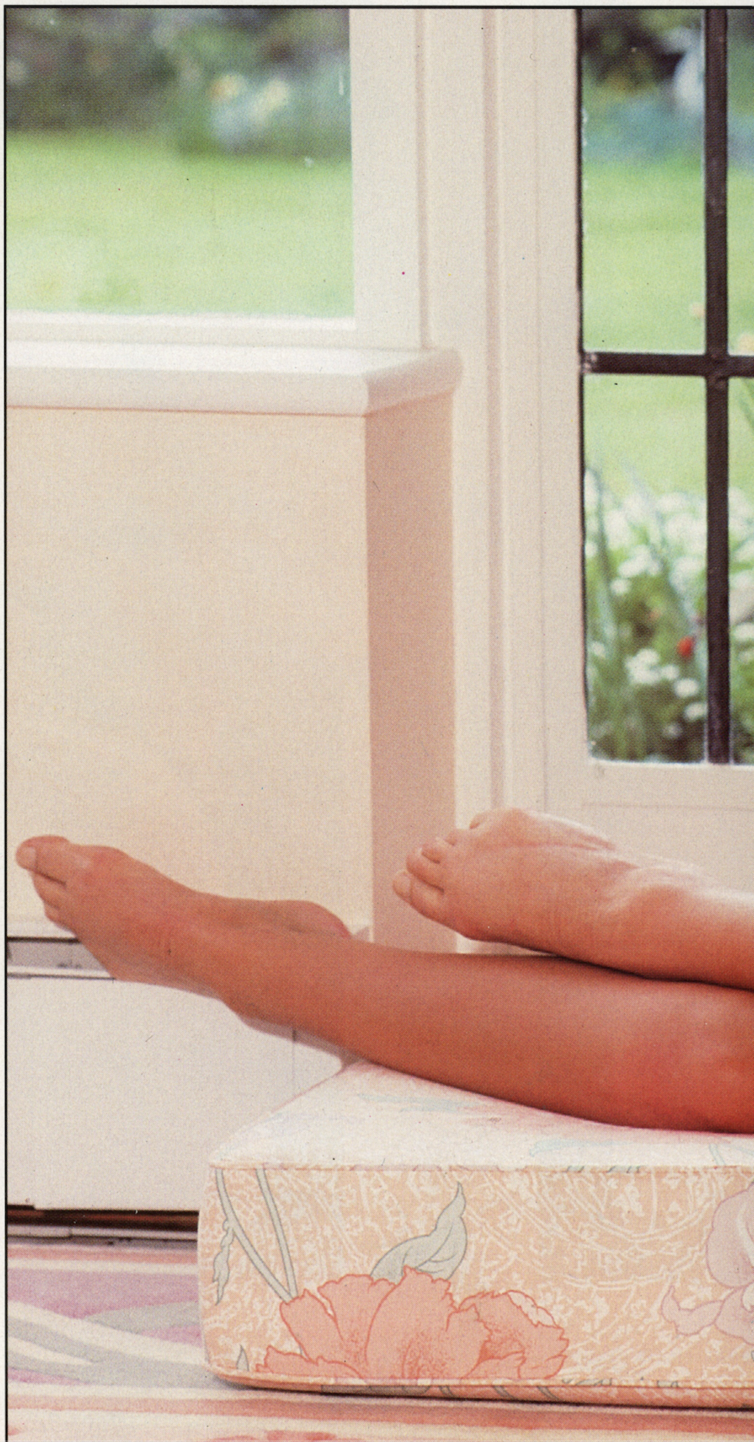
Share your after dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 6 Great James Street, London WC1N 3DA. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

'I see Jane is busy recycling one of my old boyfriends.'

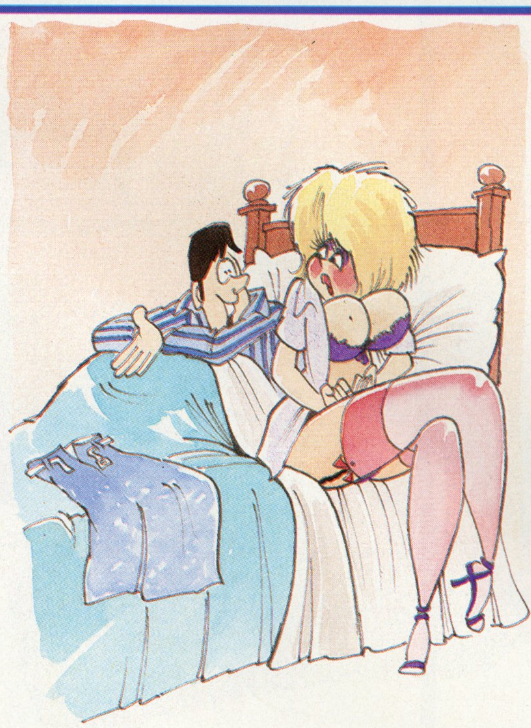
Green and bare it

Ecologists care deeply about our planet's future but, according to cartoonist Anthony, given the right environment, they can also become ozone layers

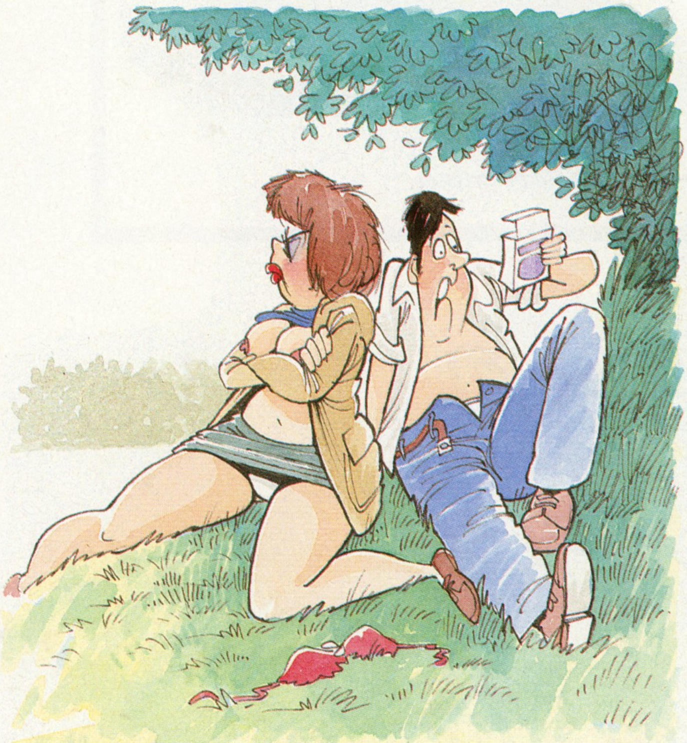
Her separation has been the only low spot in her year so far. Some of the highspots of it, though, have been remarkably high — she was the star attraction at the Headcorn air show in Kent this summer, and could be seen whizzing above the heads of the crowds at 80 mph strapped to the wing of an ageing Tiger Moth. Her spot of wing walking took place 500 feet up, and Maria still managed to wave cheerily to spectators. Back on the ground she said: 'It was scary but I loved it.' To us Miss Whittaker remains a high-flier of the first order.



'If anything, I'd say Rodney is somewhat over environmentally friendly!'



'Going to bed to keep warm means we won't have to switch on the fire, Deirdre, so we'll be helping to save the earth's resources . . .'



'How am I supposed to know if these condoms are bio-degradable?'

'The garage down the road doesn't sell unleaded petrol, Susan . . . so it looks as if we are stuck here for the night.'

'Gosh, everything on this organic farm seems so much bigger!'

'Well to be honest, Nigel, I wasn't thinking about the hole in the ozone layer. . .'

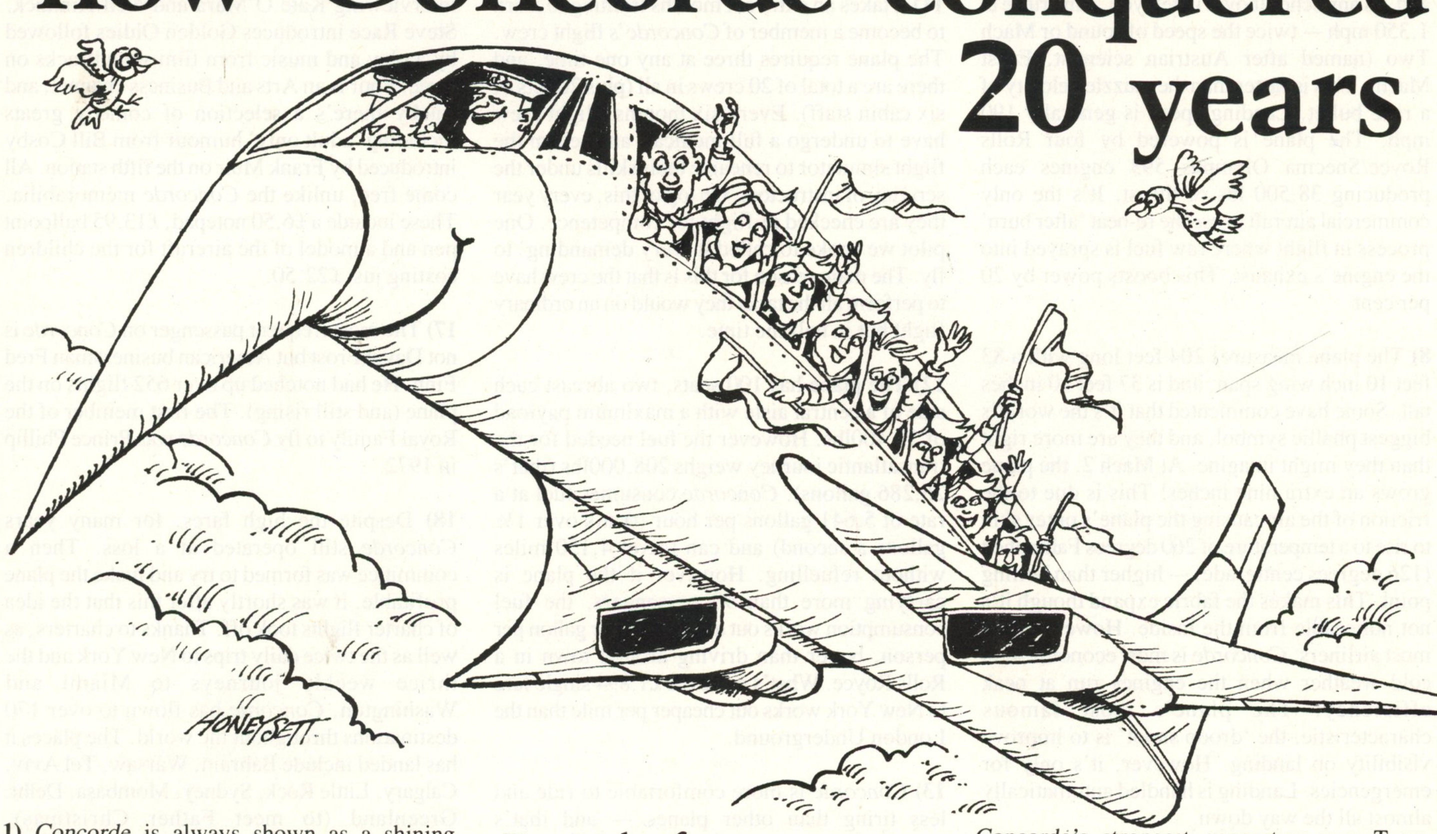
'Oh, so I suppose I'm going to the bottle bank on my own again, am I?'

MAYFAIR

Girl of the month

MARIA WHITTAKER

TOP MACHS
-how Concorde conquered 20 years



From the first supersonic passenger flight and smell-free kipper to breaking golf records, Clive Harris celebrates Concorde's 20th anniversary with a score of stories. . .

1) *Concorde* is always shown as a shining example of Anglo-French co-operation but that wasn't originally the case. Britain and France had been working separately on the idea of a supersonic passenger aircraft since 1956. It was only in 1962 that it was realised that their work was so much in parallel that competition was ridiculous, so a joint project was started.

2) Although patriots tend to regard *Concorde* as a British 'first', the French prototype beat us into the air by over a month. *Concorde* 001 took-off from Toulouse on March 2, 1969 with Andre Turcat at the controls of the 35 minute round trip. The British *Concorde* prototype 002 didn't get off the ground until April 9. Test pilot Brian Trubshaw was the man at the controls on the first flight from Filton near Bristol. He admits to it being a scary moment.

'It was a real dry mouth occasion. There had been all sorts of failures on the plane up until then, we were just hoping they would work on the day,' he told the press recently.

Some did and some didn't. The re-heat system refused to start up until full power was applied, and coming into land the altimeters failed forcing Trubshaw to 'eyeball' the landing — that is land without instruments.

'Each plane was half French and half British, so it didn't matter,' he said.

However the British did have to back down over the aircraft's name. We wanted to call it 'Concord' without the E.

3) The first flights were made with the pilots wearing full pressure suits and parachutes. The cockpit even had a bomb hatch so the pilots could jump out should anything go wrong — which they did quite often. At one stage, two of *Concorde's* four engines 'blew back' at Mach 2 — the equivalent of backfiring caused when air is sucked into the engines too quickly. The resulting 'explosions' proved extremely disconcerting for the pilots.

'We thought World War Three had broken out,' said Trubshaw.

On another occasion it was the lack of noise that proved alarming.

'The first time we raised the "droop snoot" it was so quiet we thought everything had stopped,' recalled the test pilot.

By the time it received its certificate of air worthiness, 5,000 hours of testing had been done on the plane — more than any other in history. However, the biggest threat to the plane came not from the testers, but from the government. Constantly increasing development costs meant that it was always likely to be abandoned, like the ill-fated fighter TSR2. Ironically one of *Concorde's* strongest supporters was Tony Benn, though he never saw it as a luxurious aircraft for the elite few — just a fast efficient people carrier.

4) *Concorde* finally entered commercial service in January 21, 1976, piloted by Captains Norman Todd and Brian Calvert with engineer officer John Lidiard. It flew from Heathrow to Bahrain. Hopes to fly to the west coast of America had been dashed by the campaigns in the US claiming that the aircraft was too noisy, and even now, *Concorde* is not allowed to break the sound barrier until it is over the Atlantic. This seriously affected sales. Eighteen airlines had options to buy the plane at development stage. In the end they all cancelled because of *Concorde's* noise level and high fuel costs leaving just BA and Air France.

5) It was hoped that around 400 *Concordes* would be sold to the world's airlines but in fact only 16 were ever made. British Airways were the first 'supersonic airline' ordering five planes in July 1972, followed shortly after by Air France's order for four. Now BA operates seven *Concordes* and Air France six (one of their seven has been grounded). The two prototypes are now on display in air museums (001 at Toulouse and 002 at Yeovilton, Someset). 001's livery is somewhat bizarre, however. The plane was painted to be a part of a *son et lumiere* production and is a selection of bright colours!

6) *Concorde* is no longer in production and there are no plans to restart it. *Boeing* have considered producing a supersonic airliner on many

occasions but all plans have been dropped. The Russian version, dubbed 'Concordski' by the West, broke up at an air display. The reasons for this are not firmly established. It's believed that failure by the Russians to realise that air entering the intakes has to be slowed down prior to reaching the engine caused it to blow-up in mid-air. At today's prices, building a *Concorde* from scratch would cost over £55,000,000.

7) *Concorde* reaches 230 mph before take-off and, as any schoolboy will tell you, can cruise at 1,350 mph — twice the speed of sound or Mach Two (named after Austrian scientist, Ernst Mach). This is faster than the muzzle velocity of a rifle bullet. Landing speed is generally 190 mph. The plane is powered by four Rolls Royce/Snecma Olympus 593 engines each producing 38,500 lbs of thrust. It's the only commercial aircraft to use the re-heat 'after burn' process in flight where raw fuel is sprayed into the engine's exhaust. This boosts power by 20 per cent.

8) The plane measures 204 feet long with a 83 feet 10 inch wing span, and is 37 feet 10 inches tall. Some have commented that it's the world's biggest phallic symbol, and they are more right than they might imagine. At Mach 2, the plane grows an extra nine inches! This is due to the friction of the air causing the plane's outer skin to rise to a temperature of 260 degrees Fahrenheit (126 degrees centigrade) — higher than boiling point. This makes the fabric expand though it's not noticeable from the inside. However, like most airliners, *Concorde* is most economical in cold weather when the engines run at peak efficiency. The plane's most famous characteristic, the 'droop snoot' is to improve visibility on landing. However, it's only for emergencies. Landing is handled automatically almost all the way down.

9) And if you think a trip to Kwik Fit Euro is expensive. . . Each tyre on *Concorde* costs £600 and has a life of around 60 to 80 landings. They are pumped to a pressure of 232 psi, ten times higher than a family car, or 191 psi for the nosewheel. In addition, there is a small set of wheels under the tailplane. This is because *Concorde's* angle of take-off is so steep, the tail could scrape along the runway.

10) The flight from Heathrow to New York takes three hours and 50 minutes and travelling westwards, the five hour time difference means that you arrive before you depart (for example, the 10.30am flight from London touches down at JFK at 9.20am). *Concorde* has completed the journey even quicker though. Its fastest New York to London time was two hours 56 minutes, and three hours 11 minutes in the opposite direction. Each plane flies around 1,160 hours in a year.

"I've just put the cat **out** !"

11) It takes an extra six months training to learn to become a member of *Concorde's* flight crew. The plane requires three at any one time, and there are a total of 20 crews in all (plus 20 sets of six cabin staff). Every six months, flight crew have to undergo a full medical, and return the flight simulator to rehearse their skills under the scrutiny of instructors. On top of this, every year they are checked in-flight for competence. One pilot we spoke to called it 'very demanding' to fly. The main reason for this is that the crew have to perform all the tasks they would on an ordinary flight but in half the time.

12) The plane has 100 seats, two abreast each side of a central aisle with a maximum payload of 23,400lbs. However the fuel needed for the transatlantic journey weighs 208,000lbs (that's 26,286 gallons). *Concorde* consumes fuel at a rate of 5,641 gallons per hour (that's over 1½ gallons a second) and can travel 4,150 miles without refuelling. However if the plane is carrying more than 90 passengers, the fuel consumption works out at 19 miles per gallon per person, better than driving around town in a Rolls Royce. What's more the £1,894 single fare to New York works out cheaper per mile than the London Underground.

13) *Concorde* is more comfortable to ride and less tiring than other planes — and that's scientific fact! Apart from the shorter journey time, the plane is less highly pressurised than other airliners — one of the causes of fatigue amongst travellers. Also, as it flies at 50,000 to 60,000 feet (between 10,000 and 20,000 feet higher than other aircraft) it avoids the turbulence caused by atmospheric conditions, making the journey smoother.

14) The interior design of the BA *Concorde* and its Air France counterparts vary considerably. The French plane opts for a more informal style whilst the British one revels in old fashioned luxury. The British Airways' seats are grey leather and lighting subdued. Food and wine are free. The wine cellar has been selected by a committee of experts including Michael Broadbent and Hugh Johnson, and offers four different types of champagne, five white burgundies and five clarets plus spirits, liqueurs, cocktails, a beer and a lager. On an Atlantic crossing you'll be served a morning meal, lunch or dinner complete with Damask table linen and Wedgwood and Royal Doulton china. A typical lunch starts with melon or Scotch salmon followed by prime grilled fillet of Angus beef or lobster. Lighter, vegetarian and Kosher meals are also available.

15) Amongst the culinary delights served for breakfast on *Concorde* are the 'Porkinson banger' and the smell-free kipper. The supersonic sausage was devised by photographer Norman Parkinson to his own secret recipe, and is widely accepted as one of the best in the world. The kipper was created when it was realised that this dish was essential for the breakfast menu but its odour wold not prove popular with the other passengers. So, the *Concorde* kipper is cooked in a unique coating that keeps all the taste of the fish but minimises the smell!

16) Inflight entertainment on *Concorde* includes five 'radio' stations. On one, there's classical music conducted by Andre Previn, whilst on two sixties pop music is followed by Michael Aspel interviewing Kate O'Mara and Neil Kinnock. Steve Race introduces Golden Oldies followed by a play and music from film soundtracks on three. Four is an Arts and Business channel, and finally there's a selection of comedy greats including 'adult only' humour from Bill Cosby introduced by Frank Muir on the fifth station. All come free, unlike the *Concorde* memorabilia. These include a £6.50 notepad, £13.95 ballpoint pen and a model of the aircraft for the children costing just £22.50.

17) The most frequent passenger on *Concorde* is not David Frost but American businessman Fred Finn. He had notched up over 652 flights on the plane (and still rising). The first member of the Royal Family to fly *Concorde* was Prince Phillip in 1972.

18) Despite the high fares, for many years *Concorde* still operated at a loss. Then a committee was formed to try and make the plane profitable. It was shortly after this that the idea of charter flights took off. Thanks to charters, as well as the twice daily trips to New York and the thrice weekly journeys to Miami and Washington, *Concorde* has flown to over 170 destinations throughout the world. The places it has landed include Bahrain, Warsaw, Tel Aviv, Calgary, Little Rock, Sydney, Mombasa, Delhi, Greenland (to meet Father Christmas), Monrovia and Bradford! Whilst some would say that charters are reducing our 'supersonic marvel' to little more than a novelty ride, British Airways argue that 'round the bay' trips put the plane within reach of the ordinary person.
But not many 'ordinary people' could afford *Concorde's* last major outing. It has just completed the first ever 38,343 mile supersonic circumnavigation of the world charterd by the Miami-based company, Lorraine Travel Bureau. The seat prices started at $38,000 (around £25,000). Amongst the passengers was US television personality William F Buckley who produced his PBS network programme *Firing Line* in Sydney and Cape Town on the way around the world. During the journey, at an average 1,200 mph, *Concorde* broke no less than 12 speed records and its tailplane! Prior to that, the only part of *Concorde* that had been replaced due to faults was a towel rail.

19) As well as records for speed, *Concorde* also holds one for golf. The world's longest putt was made on the plane when a ball was hit down the length of the aisle into a champagne glass. This putt was technically five miles long at the plane travelled that distance in the time it took the ball to reach the 'hole'.

20) Although being a grand old lady of 20, British Airways says that *Concorde* is expected to fly well into the next century, by which time she will have been in operation longer than London's oldest Underground trains and its famous Routemaster buses.

THE MOMENTS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

QUEST

A surprising number of women remove their pubic hair routinely as a matter of hygiene or comfort, but for many men the act of shaving the female pubic area can be deeply erotic. This month Quest interviews two women and a man whose experiences of shaven genitals proved to be significant highpoints in their sexual lives

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: Why did you let Mark shave off your pubic hair when you'd refused to let your fiance?
Secretary: I didn't trust Steve with a pair of scissors! Mark was a nurse. He'd done it dozens of times as part of his job.
Quest: Was that the only reason?
Secretary: I thought Steve wanted to do it for kinky reasons of his own, not for us. But I've always been sensitive about my pubes.
Quest: Why?
Secretary: Ever since they grew I've hated them. They're thick and black and long, creeping up the insides of my thighs, and really sticking out in front. They made me feel like a freak — as if I had a sort of man's beard tucked away down my pants! *Now*, of course, I know it's my colouring, but I still worry it might put men off.
Quest: Why didn't you think that about Mark?
Secretary: I didn't think he was interested in girls — not sexually. I wasn't sure if he was actually *gay*, but I assumed nursing was like being a shop assistant, or a ship's purser, the sort of job that attracts men who are a bit that way. He was attractive, but I never heard of him taking anyone out, seriously. I don't mean to sound bitchy. He was a really good friend, the only person I could talk to about my fiance.
Quest: Why did you need to?

PERSONAL FILE
Name. . . . Withheld
Sex. . . . Female
Age. . . . 23 years
Town of Origin. . . . Nottingham
Other details. . . . This attractive, brunette interviewee works for a marketing consultancy in the East Midlands. She shares a flat with two other girls.

Secretary: We went out for four years, engaged for the last two. We were both quite volatile people, which made it very exciting to begin with. But, after the first two years, it got too wearing. I threw his engagement ring back so many times! We eventually quietened down in our last year, or so I thought. We'd really just got bored with each other, which is probably why Steve started his shaven pube obsession. Then, of course, we had our final row. I told Steve not to come back, and he didn't. Then I heard that he was going out with someone else.
Quest: That upset you?
Secretary: It devastated me! I just wasn't used

MAYFAIR Girl of the month

MARIA WHITTAKER

QUEST

to being on my own. So I panicked. I convinced myself I *had* to get Steve back. That's what started the shaving idea, because that had been part of our last row. I even managed to convince myself he'd never liked my pubes, which is why he'd wanted them off. If I was bare — down there — he'd want me again.

Quest: How did Mark get involved?

Secretary: One day I remember joking with him about shaving, wondering if I'd have to use a mirror, and where I'd put it. I think I just wanted him to tell me I was being silly. He said, 'It's easy enough; I've done it quite often — to other people, though.' So I laughed, and said, 'I'll know where to come, then.' A few days later I was feeling a bit down, so I rang him for a chat, and I asked him to do it for me. I didn't plan it any more than that. He said, 'OK, if that's what you really want.' We fixed a night when I'd have the flat to myself. When it came, though, I was in agony as to whether to cancel or not.

Quest: Why?

Secretary: Well, it *is* quite an intimate thing showing your pubes off to someone! Finally I decided to be brave, and had about three rum and cokes. When Mark turned up, though, he was very calm — and still in his nurse's uniform — which helped. We had a coffee, and a chat, then I had a shower — Mark told me not to dry my pubes. I went into my room, and spread some towels on the bed. I put a big, loose sweat shirt on — I could hardly lie there *naked*, and it seemed naughtier, somehow, just getting half-dressed again. Then I lay down on the towels, spread another one over my bottom half, and called Mark in.

Quest: What was the atmosphere like?

Secretary: Jokey, and embarrassed, but that was all me. Mark just indulged me. I shut my eyes when he took the towel off me. 'Oh God,' I was saying, 'you must think I look like a gorilla!' 'Don't be ridiculous,' he said. 'You look perfectly natural to me.' Which I thought was nice. Then he got me to shuffle down to the end of the bed, so my knees were dangling over the edge, and I opened them, and he started snipping.

Quest: Where was he?

Secretary: Kneeling at the end of the bed. Once we'd actually got going, it wasn't so bad. Mark was obviously trying to put me at my ease, just chatting generally. He said he'd meant to get some shaving cream, but he'd only got a stick, so I'd have to rub it on myself. So I bent down, and did it — and I was perfectly alright, then.

Quest: How do you mean?

Secretary: I mean, I wasn't turned on or anything! I had to rub the stick about quite a bit to get a lather. I even thought of making a joke about what a rotten dildo it made, but I was too embarrassed. Then I lay back again.

Quest: Are you saying you *were* turned on later?

Secretary: Yes, but I didn't know it. Or I didn't think it would show. I was just aware that Mark was pushing and prodding me — very gently — in all sorts of intimate ways; he couldn't help it. But I remember thinking, 'My God, this man is touching my clitoris!'

Quest: Did you react to that at all?

Secretary: I was giving little jerks and gasps. He always stopped, when I did, and asked if he'd hurt me, when he hadn't, of course — quite the opposite! But I couldn't say that. It really got quite tense, especially when he was going very close to my lips. A lot of teeth-gritting, there! I kept telling myself, 'You're not supposed to *enjoy* this — that's disgusting!' And I was terrified of embarrassing Mark. When he finally finished, it was a mixture of relief, and non-relief! He asked me to see what I thought. There were still a few bits of soap left, but not a wisp of hair, even up my thighs, it looked so odd. Then of course, I saw the rest.

Quest: What do you mean?

Secretary: My labia was quite fleshy, and when, I get excited, it's fairly obvious. I was very wet, even with the damp from the soap. I went scarlet. Mark just stared at me. I thought he just didn't realise what had happened. Then I saw why he was so tense. It knocked me sideways.

Quest: Go on.

> **He got me to shuffle to the end of the bed, with my knees dangling over, then he started snipping**

Secretary: He had the most enormous ridge in his trousers, right down one thigh. I just blinked at him, and said, 'I didn't think nurses were supposed to let things like that happen.' He gave me this sheepish grin, and said, 'Normally it doesn't.' Then he got up, and turned away, just as red as I was. All this time he must have fancied me, and I'd made him do this to me, for the sake of another fellow! I felt awful.

Quest: What did you do?

Secretary: He was standing by the dresser, putting his things together, his back to me, so I got off the bed, wrapped a towel round my waist, and went over to him. I just wanted to show him everything was alright, I didn't blame him at all for getting excited — in fact, we must have both been feeling the same things at the same time. I just touched his arm, and said, 'Mark, don't be upset —' He turned round, and — it wasn't anything I planned, it really just happened — we just kissed each other. Quite demurely, at first. Then I realised I'd been wanting to do it for ages. Suddenly we were being really passionate.

Quest: How exactly?

Secretary: Just holding and squeezing each other. He put his hand over my breast, through my sweat shirt — of course, I wasn't wearing my bra. Then he slipped his fingers underneath, and began stroking me, and squeezing my nipples. It was gorgeous, but I was being pushed against the dresser, so I suggested we lie down.

Quest: Were you inviting him to have intercourse?

Secretary: I just wanted us to be more comfortable. As we lay on the bed, he pushed my sweat shirt up over my breasts, and began kissing, and sucking them, which was mind-boggling. Then he reached down between my legs. Of course, by then, my towel had just fallen away, so I was bare from the waist down. When he began stroking me there, it was too much.

Quest: Did you think you were going to come?

Secretary: I was so sensitive already, I couldn't bear to feel his fingers on my clitoris. I sat up, and tried to pull down his zip, telling him I wanted to feel him properly. He pushed me back, quite gently, pulled off his clothes, got on top of me, and we made love.

Quest: Did you have an orgasm?

Secretary: I was having my spasms as he started to move in and out — I don't think I actually made it very easy for him, writhing about and moaning under him! But then he came, and I felt his penis jumping inside me, and we both seemed to jerk together in one glorious, beautiful orgasm, so I must have been doing something right!.

Quest: Did your bare pubes make a difference?

Secretary: Mark said he'd never done it with a shaved girl before, and he said it felt much naughtier. I thought it *looked* naughtier, watching his big, pink *thing* sliding in and out. Then, the morning after, Mark said, 'It does look sexy with you shaved, but what really turned me on was all your lovely bushy hair!'

Quest: So no more Steve?

Secretary: Mark and I are getting our own flat soon. And I *don't* shave any more!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name. . . . Withheld

Sex. . . . Male

Age. . . . 28 years

Town of Origin. . . . Bournemouth

Other details. . . . This interviewee trained as a hair stylist and managed several salons before going freelance three years ago. He owns a flat with his girlfriend.

Quest: Have you ever shaved female pubic hair as part of your job?

Stylist: I used to do it for a girl I lived with, about six years ago. She had a thing about hygiene. I actually thought it was quite sexy, but I've only done it once professionally. That was an unbelievable occasion. It still amazes me.

Quest: What happened?

Stylist: I got a call, out the blue, from a fellow. He asked if I did *any* sort of trim, then gradually got round to saying he wanted me to do it for his wife. He said she was too embarrassed to call herself. It sounded so bizarre, I quoted a crazy price. He said fine. So I went, mainly out of curiosity.

Quest: To where?

Stylist: A very small flat — too small for a

ANGELA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

couple. He was in his fifties, I'd say — looked like a bookie. She was around 30, plump blonde, dyed, but quite pretty, with lovely boobs. Very jolly. They both were. But no way were they married! She was his bit of stuff, I was the entertainment. The guy said it as I came in, 'Here's a good-looking fellow, Jeannie. What do you say?' She looked at me as if I was a Christmas present.

Quest: How was she dressed?

Stylist: Blowsily! A sort of shot silk kimono, loosely pulled together, with white undies underneath — I could see the bra strap — and dark, fishnet stockings. Very housewifey!

Quest: How did you start?

Stylist: I filled a bowl with warm water in the kitchen. Harry — I can't remember his real name — spread some plastic bags over the sofa. As I came back, Jeannie was peeling off her kimono. The bra she wore was a kind of half basque, virtually half cups at the top, tied across with a lace. One boob immediately popped out — very round and full it was, too. She looked at me, burst out laughing, and popped it straight back in. Harry said, 'Peek-a-boob!' and set her off again. They were like that all the time. I put down the bowl next to the sofa. Jeannie was standing over me in her undies — white, lace-edged pants; suspender straps hanging from the basque, but they weren't connected to her stockings. She gave me a big grin, and said, 'Where do you want me, then?' Which set off Harry. So I said the edge of the sofa would be fine. Harry said, 'Get your knicks off, love,' Jeannie grinned at me again. 'Can't have you fumbling around in my pants, can I?' she said.

Quest: She obviously fancied you.

Stylist: I think she fancied the attention. She had quite a fleshy body, a bit of a tum and hefty thighs, but she was very sexy. She half turned away from me toward Harry — I was still kneeling down with the bowl and my bag — gave me another grin, then peeled down her knickers, and stepped out of them. 'Oh yes!' said Harry, 'Now a beautiful bush like that *will* be missed.' She did actually go pink then, but she was watching me as she sat on the sofa, legs only slightly apart.

Quest: What was her pubic hair like?

Stylist: It was a dark ginger, very thick and long, too, curling away from her crotch; I could hardly see her lips. She was obviously waiting for a reaction from me, so I said, 'Well, that's lovely and full, but it should cut easily enough.' 'See!' she cried, poking a finger at Harry. 'Some people like me the way I am.' Harry just blew a raspberry. 'This'll make you even better, my love,' he said. I asked why she wanted it done. Was it hygiene, or comfort? She burst out laughing. 'You're joking! He thinks it'll feel beter when he's on the job!' I didn't really want to get involved, so I told her to open her legs wider to let me work. She grinned, 'First time I've spread my legs for two fellows at once.' 'Oh yes?' Harry grinned, and she threw a cushion at him, but I did eventually get started.

Quest: How did she react to you?

Stylist: She was fascinated, bending right over as I snipped away with the nail scissors. Then starting, and giving a great whoop, when I first dabbed her with a damp flannel. 'Ooh,' she said to Harry, 'is he meant to get that close?' 'Course he is,' said Harry. 'He can't do it from the other side of the room, can he?' Jeannie said; 'I didn't think he was going to be touching me *up*.' Then she looked down into her bra, shuddered and re-adjusted the cups. 'I've got my things standing up already.' I said I'd stop straight away, if she wanted me to. 'No,' she said. 'It's not your fault. Not entirely anyway,' and gave me a little grin.

Quest: How did you feel?

Stylist: Strained! Next, of course, I had to spray the shaving foam on, which was another excuse for a gasp. 'Do you do a lot of this?' she asked. 'Does your girlfriend mind you poking around women's pussies, then?' she said. I told her I didn't have one. She was grinning again by then. 'These women you do — do they ever get turned on?' 'Jeannie,' Harry cut in, 'leave the young fellow alone.' 'It's a perfectly reasonable question,' Jeannie said, 'I can imagine a lot of women getting quite a thrill out of being touched up by a nice-looking fellow like this. It's not as if they can *hide* it, is it?' I just grinned and coughed. 'There,' said Harry, 'you're embarrassing him.'

Quest: Was Jeannie getting turned on herself?

Stylist: There was a lot of foam and moisture about, but from what I could see of her lips, they weren't exactly the neat, pink groove they'd been to start with. In fact, I could tell she was excited. Of course, she knew I could see it. But I was even more aware of Harry, perched on the armchair behind me. So I just kept my eyes on the job in hand, which I needed to do while I used the razor. Then we were done. She burst out giggling, and I realised she'd been holding her breath. 'You've got a lovely touch,' she said. 'I can see why all the women ask for you.' I laughed, picked up the flannel, and said I had to wipe the foam away, and see how good a job I'd done. But, as I brushd the foam at the top of her mound, she started, and gasped. I asked her if she was alright. She laughed, and looked at Harry, then nodded. So I brushed further, obviously over her clitoris, down her lips and between her cheeks. I felt her whole body go tense, then she breathed out, and grinned awkwardly. I said it looked fine.

Quest: You realised you were exciting her?

Stylist: Oh yes. Her lips were standing in puffy little ridges — not so little, actually — and obviously moist. But she'd started that game. She could have told me to stop at any minute.

Quest: What did she do now?

Stylist: As I rinsed out the flannel, she reached down, and put her hand over mine. 'I think you ought to give it another rub,' she said. 'There's a lot of foam left.' There were about two specks. But she wasn't grinning any more.

Quest: She was asking you to masturbate her?

Stylist: It was pretty bloody close to it. I was *very* aware of Harry. But Jeannie said, 'Come on, it won't bite,' and pulled my hand with the flannel back to the top of her mound. 'Nice and easy,' she said quietly. 'Make sure you get every bit.' And she started to push my hand down between her legs. Then I knew she wasn't joking. She was holding her breath. Her body felt like a coiled spring. I could see her nipples poking through the cups, stiff as thimbles. I thought this was way out of line, so I stopped, and glanced round toward Harry, and said, 'Look, I'm not really sure about this —' Jeannie just cut across me. 'Oh, Harry, be a love, get us some milk from the corner shop? We're right out. I could really go a cuppa, in five minutes or so.'

Quest: How did Harry react?

Stylist: He just said, 'Right, love,' and got up. I couldn't believe it. Then he said, 'Think I'll just pop in the loo beforehand.' 'Fine, love,' Jeannie grinned. Then he'd gone. So had Jeannie's grin, and she was pushing my hand back into her pussy. I was flabbergasted, and it obviously showed. 'What's the matter, love?' she said stopping. 'You don't have to worry about *him*. He won't come in again till I say.' She was grinning again. 'Don't tell me you don't want to — I won't believe you.' Then she lifted her foot, bent it, and pressed her toe against my fly.

Quest: You were still kneeling in front of her?

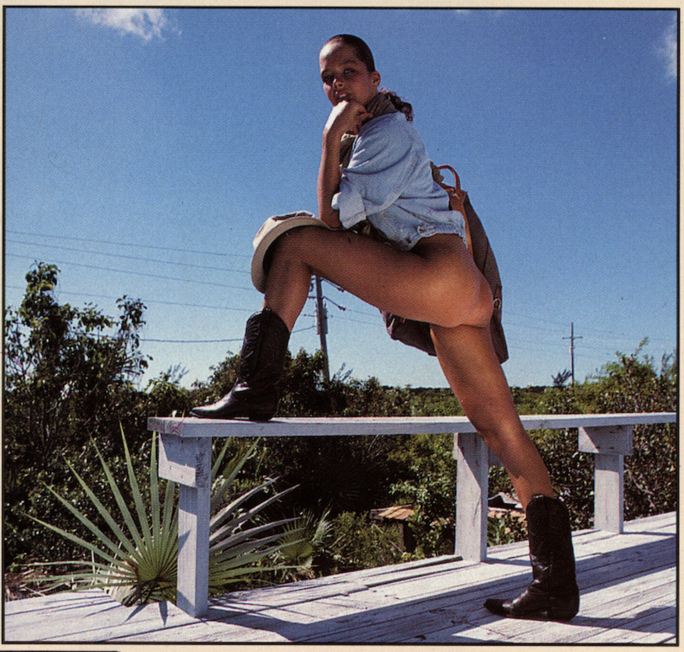
Stylist: Yes, which also helped hide a sizeable hard-on. But not when she rubbed her toe up and down. 'That *does* feel a nice one,' she said. 'You're not going to be a spoilsport, are you?'

> **'Her hand began moving again, so I went with her, smoothing up and down. 'That's nice,' she said'**

Her hand began moving again, so I went with her, smoothing the flannel up and down her crack, until she lifted her hand away. 'Oh yes,' she murmured, holding onto my shoulder. 'Nice and steady. Oh, that's a *dirty* feeling!' She burst out giggling, then, and instantly gasped, clutching at my shoulder, 'Don't move your hand!' She reached down, jerked the flannel away, took my finger, and pressed it against the top of her slit. 'There,' she said, moving my finger for me. 'Stroke it there. That's it — oh *God*, that's good — oh *Christ*! — don't stop.' She was gasping; her body was starting to jerk. Suddenly she reached down, and grabbed at my other hand, pulling it between her legs. 'Play with my lips,' she hissed. 'Don't stop stroking!' So I did, feeling up and down her swollen labia, sliding a finger inside, then down, and round her bottom. She was unbelievably wet, leaning against me, and moaning, giving little jerks. Then she slumped against the sofa back, leaving her legs splayed. Her face was flushed, her eyes shut, her chest heaving. She was groaning, 'Oh God — oh God —' Then she lunged forward again, clutched at my pussy hand, and pulled it up to her boobs, tearing at the lace tie-up at the same time, until a round, pink boob rolled out. 'Here,' she hissed, 'squeeze the nipple — squeeze it — not too hard — not too hard — ah!' I rolled it with my fingers, and she wailed.

Quest: What was your position by now?

Stylist: Sprawled between her thighs, virtually leaning on her stomach, but still rubbing her clit with my right hand. Then she started taking in



'When I take my clothes off, I take them off for love,' 22-year-old Angela Worthing says emphatically, fixing you with her starry grey eyes. It has taken a lot of work to persuade Angela to appear in *Mayfair*. She had many reservations, not least of all seeing the crude way that certain other magazines present their girls. It took a long candle-lit dinner with our man Burgess, a brief perusal of a recent edition of *Mayfair*, and a lengthy conversation on the artistic merits of the nude female body to make her mind up. Meeting her she seems too shy to appear undraped before the camera. She hasn't that trained innocence that many girls can switch on and off for photographers, instead she has a genuine simplicity and freshness. Born in Chester, of mixed English and French parentage, Angela ventured forth into the world at the precociously early age of five, when she became a boarder at a convent school.

QUEST

great gulps of air, almost throwing me off. Her eyes widened. 'Oh God,' she said, 'It's happening — oh Christ, I'm coming —' Then she stared at me, and hissed, 'Why haven't you got it out? Do it with me! Do it with me!' And started fumbling down at my jeans. So I pulled myself away, virtually ripped the zip apart, yanked out my cock — and she just grabbed it, jerked it down toward her pussy. Suddenly I was sliding in her, and up her, smooth as silk. She gave a deep groan, clutched hold of me, lifted her legs, and clamped them round my back, which didn't make it very easy to hump. Then she wailed in my ear, and her whole body shuddered — I actually felt her spasm, like a grip on my cock, and I just went off. Which set her off, so the more I came, the more she came. We just rocked there, on the edge of the sofa, groaning, and coming, until we couldn't come any more. It was one of the most fantastic sex experiences I've ever had. I think she was pretty knocked out, too.

Quest: Why?

Stylist: Just her attitude, after we'd got our breath back. 'That was unexpected,' she said. Then, suddenly, she was all brisk again, pulling on her kimono, and telling me, 'You better go before I prise him out of the loo. I think he got more than he bargained for.' She had me out the door in two minutes — with double the fee I'd asked for. I'd always wondered how a stud felt.

Quest: You believe it was a set-up?

Stylist: I'm sure it was Harry's kink, but I don't think it matters. I just know I haven't had another experience like it. But I met my girlfriend just after that. She won't let me do any more shaving jobs — unfortunately!

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE

Name....Withheld
Sex.....Female
Age....36 years
Town of Origin....
Leeds
Other details....This blonde interviewee works as a deputy section manager in a small manufacturing firm. She married 16 years ago, but is now separated.

Quest: Why did you shave off Gordon's pubic hair?

Manager: He was lucky that was all he got cut off! It wasn't just me; there were six of us.

Quest: Who exactly?

Manager: Women in my section, girls who were fed up with getting taken for a ride by a fellow who thought he had it all his own way!

Quest: Tell me about Gordon.

Manager: He was a chargehand. Early thirties, married, though I don't think he got much joy there. Not that that was an excuse for going after every woman in the place. He was good-looking, though — who's that Cockney pop star? David Essex. He was a dead ringer for him, *and* he knew it. Dirty little bugger!

Quest: He made passes at female workers?

Quest: Shop floor workers, secretaries, canteen girls — anything in skirts. And he did very well. He almost had *me* on a works outing.

Quest: How?

Manager: Chatting me up in the pub, telling me how he'd always fancied doing it with a mature woman, giving me a fondle under the table.

Quest: He put his hand up your skirt?

Manager: He put his hand between my legs, and starting stroking me, trying to work his fingers under the edge of my knickers, I said, 'If you want to go any further, you better be prepared to follow it up. I'm not one of your assembly line teenieboppers, who get a quick feel, and think they're in love.' He just smiled, and said, 'I never thought you were, love.' Then he went to the gents. One of the girls from reception waylaid him, chatting and laughing — a kid of about 19, with hair down to her waist, boobs you could model footballs on. She went out the toilet door with him. I didn't see him again, until we were on the coach. My friend Mary told me she'd seen him in the yard behind the pub. He'd had the girl up against the wall, skirt up to her waist, giving her one.

Quest: So shaving him was a form of revenge?

Manager: Too right! But I could have lived with that, if he hadn't done what he did to Bridget.

Quest: Who was she?

Manager: A little Irish girl I worked with, barely 18, straight off the boat, very sweet, very pretty, but she didn't know which end was up. Gordon got his claws into her. Within a week of her starting, he was taking her up the warehouse at lunchtimes, boffing her in a little storeroom up there. Everybody knew about it, but she wouldn't hear a word said against him. Then of course, one of the canteen hussies decided she was going a bit short, and suddenly Gordon wasn't interested any more. Bridget fell apart, crying all the time, spending half the day in the loo. She nearly got sacked. We did what we could, then she told us he'd made her shave herself.

Quest: Why?

Manager: 'I want to feel as close as possible to you.' he told her. 'So not even *that's* in the way.' The kinky bastard! So we decided to get him. Half a dozen of us; when we closed down early for the summer break.

Quest: What was your plan?

Manager: He'd always been after a girl called Chrissie, a pretty blonde girl, about 22, but she'd only just got married, and she wasn't interested. We got her to chat him up, make it obvious that if he came down the warehouse, at the right time, he'd get his end away.

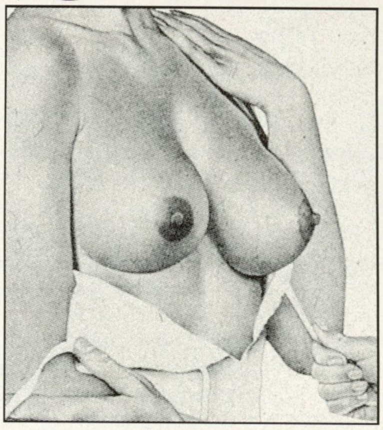
Quest: He turned up?

Manager: Oh, Gordon was arrogant enough to believe her. All six of us jumped on him, trussed his arms and legs behind him with package case twine, and dumped him on some old mats. When we locked the door, he couldn't tell if he was in for a gang bang, or a bloody revenge — you should have seen his face when Dorothy got out the scissors!

Quest: Who was Dorothy?

Manager: Woman of about 38, dark, a bit of a firebrand; I liked her. She knelt down in front of him, took hold of his fly, pulled up the material,

QUEST



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QUEST

and cut the front right out of his trousers! Then she did the same to his pants!
Quest: How did Gordon react?
Manager: He wasn't quiet about it! He was shouting, 'You're insane woman! Do you know how much those cost!' 'The way you carry on,' Dorothy said, 'I don't know why you bother with trousers at all.' Then she pulled the torn material away, and said, 'So this is what's caused it all.'
Quest: His penis?
Manager: I must admit it didn't look that impressive, not much longer than my finger, curled up in a little bundle of black hair. Celia, one of the other girls, said, 'My old man's bigger than that!' We were all shrieking with laughter. 'Very funny,' said Gordon. 'Now you can let me go, and all have a big laugh imagining me explaining this to the missus.' 'Oh no,' Dorothy said, 'we haven't *started* yet. Now who's going to hold it straight, while I cut round the edges?' Celia went, 'Uugh, *I* won't want to touch that thing. God knows where it's been!' So I said I'd do it, but I was damned if I'd hold him up — he could do it on his own.
Quest: You aroused him?
Manager: He'd done as much for me in the pub. I knelt down, and I tickled the end of it, just under his tip. He was sweating by then! I think he thought we were going to chop the lot off. 'What's the matter, love?' he said. 'Don't you get enough willy to play with at home?' 'I might take this home, and leave you here, if you don't shut up!' I snapped. I was really annoyed. So I started pumping him, pulling his foreskin up and down. All the others shrieked, but it worked. He swore, and then his cock was swelling in my hand — a lot! Like a little rocket. All the others were going, 'Where's it going to stop! Tell him it's a low ceiling!' Then, all of a sudden, it was standing up against his belly, like a fat, pink lolly. 'There,' I said, 'very easy to train. Hand-rearing is best.' Dorothy shrieked, and elbowed me out the way, then two of the others sprawled across his chest, so he couldn't see.
Quest: What exactly did you do?
Manager: Nipped the hair off his crotch and balls with the scissors, then smothered it all in shaving foam, and pulled a safety razor through it. He was struggling, until we told him what might happen if Dorothy's hand slipped. Whenever he started to wilt, she reached up, and fondled his tip, and he went up again. It took about five minutes, then we let him see.
Quest: What did it look like?
Manager: Bizarre! All pink, and naked — except for odd tufts she'd missed. 'Now you know what it feels like,' said Dorothy. 'Come on, we've wasted enough time here as it is.'
Quest: How did Gordon react?
Manager: He was shouting, 'You can't bloody leave me like this!' We were all laughing. 'Don't worry,' said Celia. 'We'll only be away a fortnight.' So we left him there, yelling his head off. The warehouse had shut at lunchtime. No one was going to hear him. Outside, we decided to tell security on the gate. But no one was there, so I said I'd tell someone in the office.
Quest: Did you?
Manager: I started to, then I thought, 'When will I get this chance again?' So I went back to the warehouse. He was still where we'd left him. 'About bloody time!' he said. 'A joke's a joke, but there are limits.' I just said, 'Are there?' and locked the door again. His face was a picture! I knelt beside him, and said, 'I just thought I'd collect on something you promised a while ago.' He hadn't the faintest idea what I was talking about. So I reached down, and stroked his knee. 'Remember?' I said, and slid my hand up to his crotch. 'In the pub?' Then I began to stroke him.
Quest: Were you aroused?
Manager: Very! I'd been wet when I'd given him a wank. Then I got down again, bent over his tip, stuck out my tongue, and ran the tip over the top of his cock. He swore, and jerked, and I grinned at him. 'Not bad,' I said. 'If it gets any bigger, it'll feel like a real one.' I put my leg over him, straddled his thighs, and shuffled up him, until it was poking up against my skirt. He just glared at me. You could have cut the atmosphere with a knife. I put my hand under my skirt to check I was wet enough, then said, 'Let's see if you're as good as you think you are.' I lifted myself, took hold of his cock, pulled it against my pussy, and sank slowly down onto it.
Quest: Was he that good?
Manager: Since I hadn't had a man inside me for nearly a year, I thought he was bloody wonderful! But he was big. I'm only little, and, when I got down to his balls, it felt pretty tight. It was an effort to get started. I virtually had to lie on his chest, and push my bum up and down. But, when I did, it was worth it. After a bit, I managed to sit upright. He was trembling almost as much as I was! 'Don't you dare shoot your load!' I told him. Then, just when I thought I was going to run out of puff, it started to happen. Little sparks, at first, then a kind of slow surge in my pussy. 'Oh yes —' I said, staring at him. 'Oh *yes* — it's coming — it's coming — you can do it now —' And he did!
Quest: Did you let him go?
Manager: No way. He might be a lovely screw, but I still didn't trust him. I just put my knicks back on, and blew him a kiss. 'You'll be back,' he said. 'Yeah,' I said, 'in a fortnight.' And I went and told the security man who was a mate of ours. It was all over the shop floor after the break. He took it for a couple of weeks, then left.
Quest: Thank you.

Six of us held him down, and Dorothy cut the front right out of his trousers and pants

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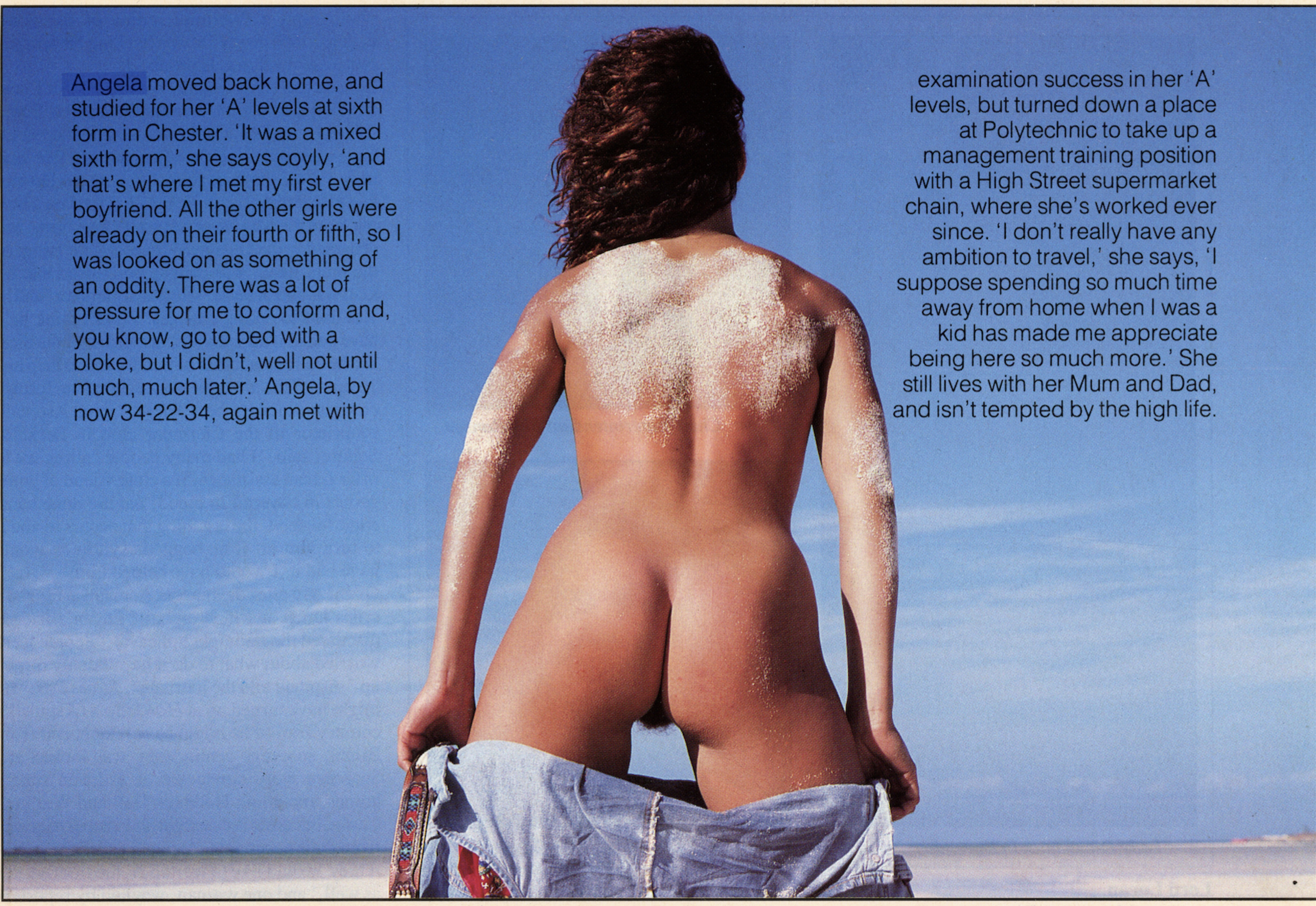
By tradition, a convent upbringing is a tough one, but Angela's recollections are very different: 'I remember it as a very serene place. We were very insulated from the world outside. The nuns were a little out of touch but, on the whole, very caring. I still pop in and see them if I'm in the area,' she says. Although very happy at school, Angela was never tempted to make a serious religious commitment. 'I respected the sisters for their beliefs, but they were never mine,' she says in her quiet serious voice. She left the convent at the age of 16, armed with an impressive nine of 'O' levels passes.

Angela moved back home, and studied for her 'A' levels at sixth form in Chester. 'It was a mixed sixth form,' she says coyly, 'and that's where I met my first ever boyfriend. All the other girls were already on their fourth or fifth, so I was looked on as something of an oddity. There was a lot of pressure for me to conform and, you know, go to bed with a bloke, but I didn't, well not until much, much later.' Angela, by now 34-22-34, again met with examination success in her 'A' levels, but turned down a place at Polytechnic to take up a management training position with a High Street supermarket chain, where she's worked ever since. 'I don't really have any ambition to travel,' she says, 'I suppose spending so much time away from home when I was a kid has made me appreciate being here so much more.' She still lives with her Mum and Dad, and isn't tempted by the high life.



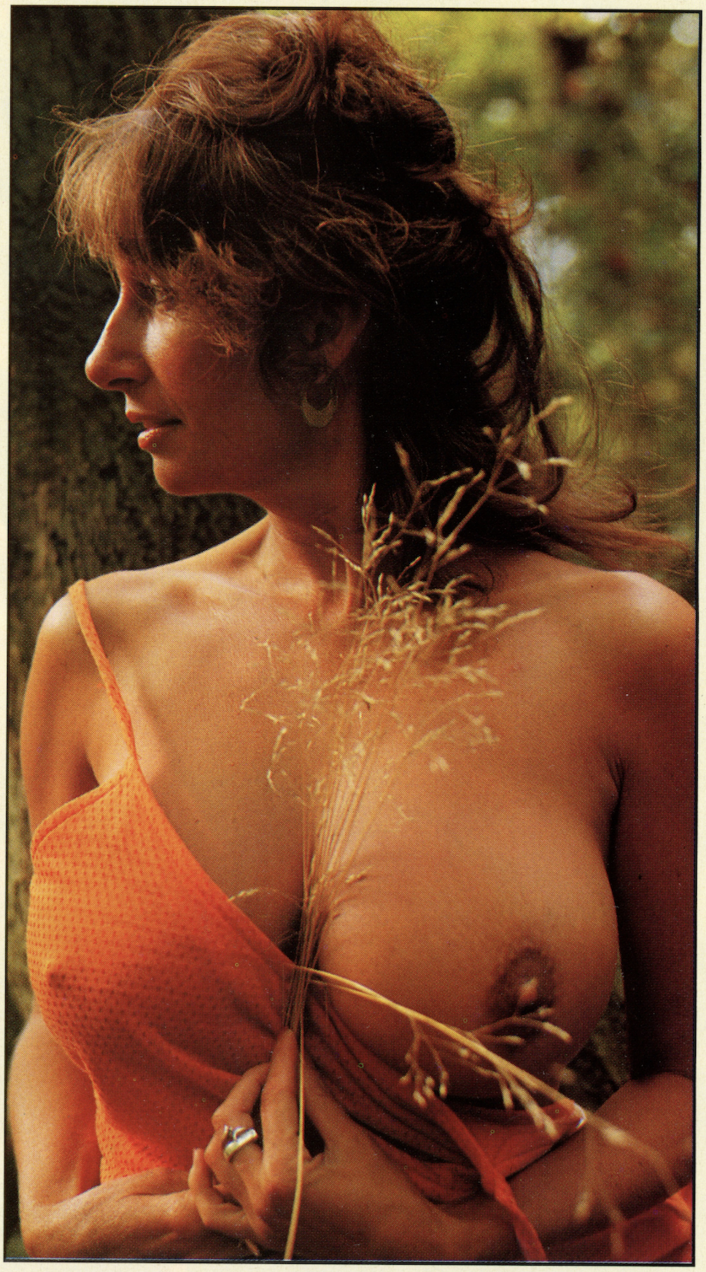
Shelagh at 40

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ELLSON

Bear with us while we get Shakespearian for a moment: 'Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety'. Thus the bard wrote with regard to Queen Cleopatra, but the words might well be applied to our very own latter day Cleo — Shelagh Harrison. This is Shelagh's second appearance in *Mayfair*. Nothing too remarkable in that, except that Shelagh made her debut twelve years ago, in Vol 12 No 10, back in October of 1977. She was then 28. She re-joins us at 40, still very much worth inclusion in our pages, but sadly this is her farewell appearance, her 'swansong' as she puts it. 'I started in *Mayfair* and that was the work I was most proud of. I wanted to go out with a grand finale. I suppose I've come full circle really.' Soon after her *Mayfair* appearance, Shelagh gave up professional modelling, but she was unable to resist the pleas of her many *Mayfair* fans. Soon she was hosting seminars for up to 30 amateur photographers. 'I loved working with them. They treated me like I was a goddess,' she says.

It may have been twelve years since her debut, but it hasn't been long enough for *Mayfair* readers to forget her. 'I still get recognised,' she says, 'Even on holiday abroad, complete strangers will come up to me and say "*Mayfair*, volume 12, number 10!"' One of her biggest fans was the French Foreign Legion. 'They adopted me as their mascot,' laughs 39-23-35 inch Shelagh. 'In 1985 they flew me off to Marseilles for a week, all expenses paid. They treated me really well, and their walls were plastered with pictures of me. They were quite a bunch — very disciplined in uniform, but absolutely crazy out of it.' Shelagh has changed little, and attributes this to swimming three times a week, plenty of cycling and regular nights of dancing.

Shelagh at 40



She was tempted back to *Mayfair* by the realisation that she was 'approaching a dangerous age'. 'An age,' she says, 'where most women are heading for the shelf, and their bodies are no longer considered worth looking at.' At 40 she remains husband-free, though she has been close to an important London-based diplomat for some time. Sadly, due to professional commitments, he has to leave soon. 'In some ways,' she says, 'I consider this appearance almost as a Lonely Hearts ad "Ex-model seeks older man, must be intelligent, with a good sense of humour."' She remains optimistic about marriage, even though she was told by a fortune teller, many years ago, that she would remain single, but that there would always be two dark men in her life. 'It seems to be true,' she says, 'though I'm not sure whether the fortune teller meant dark-haired, dark-skinned or just shady.' She has had her fair share of amazing stories, too, such as the Apache Indian who proposed to her, and then left her to become a Jesuit. We, however, would still be glad to see her in twelve years time!

Shelagh at 40

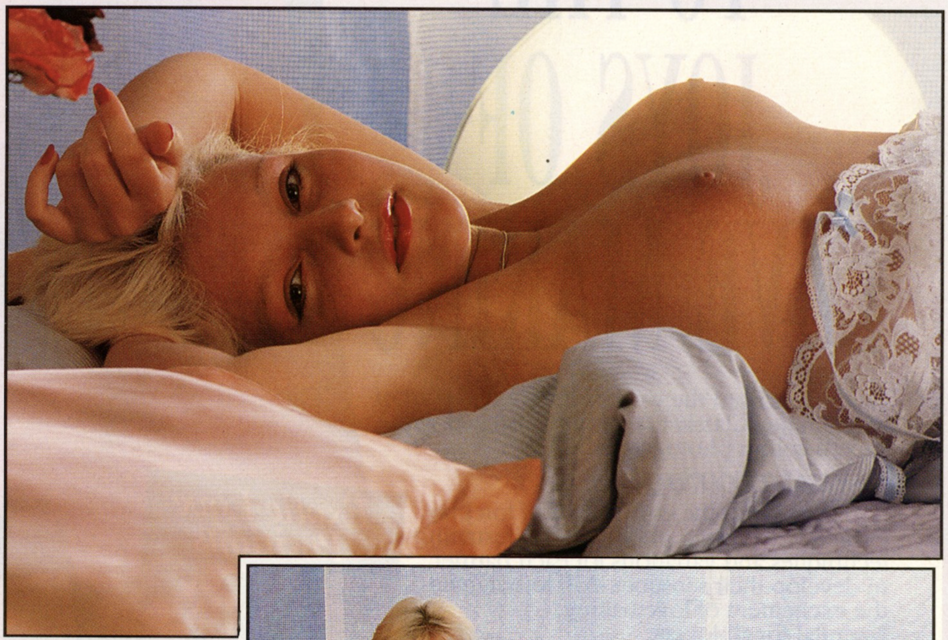
PERKY

An unusual name for a flighty young thing is 'Perky', but that is the name that friends, relations and casual acquaintances have known 23-year old Jane Sutton by for as long as anyone can remember. It is remarkably apposite. Both in personality and figure, young Miss Sutton is decidedly perky. 'Perky boobs, perky buttocks,' she says proudly. But surely when she was first christened 'Perky' neither attributes were, as then, particularly pronounced? 'No,' she explains, 'I first got the name because, when I was a kid, I was a big fan of a TV show about two singing pigs — *Pinky and Perky*. The name has just stuck with me.'

Perky has long since outgrown her love of the harmonious hogs, and now her interests largely revolve around men. 'I'm no nympho,' she says, 'I just think men are wonderful. Tall men, small men, fat men, thin men, I just love being around them.' 35-24-34 Perky has yet to find that one special man, but it isn't from want of looking. 'I fall in love so easily,' she confesses. And out of love? 'I've never fallen out of love. All of the men in my life are still special to me,' she says. Perky usually spends all day talking to men-she's a radio controller for a taxi company, back home in her native Luton.

BELINDA

'People never take me seriously,' complains 24-year-old Belinda Hall. 'They think just because I'm a bubbly blonde, with a big chest, then I must be dumb or something.' Belinda (36-24-34) only has herself to blame, as she grudgingly admits: 'I may be a little scatty, but I'm not thick. People only ever remember the daft things I've done. 'Some of these 'daft things' are quite spectacular. She shamefacedly admits to applying to the Open University in the belief that she'd appear on television every day attending classes. 'I was really embarrassed when I was told that you didn't,' she confesses. Brighton-born Belinda has now settled down back at home, after a brief foray into foreign parts — North-West England. 'I went there because I was in love.' she says.



Belinda lived for eighteen months in Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester, and soon became a regular in *The Horse and Jockey*, just off Chorlton green. 'I really miss the North-West.' she says wistfully, 'but I was living with this guy, and things weren't working out. In the end I realised I was staying more for the area and the people than for this relationship, so I knocked it on the head and caught the next train to Brighton.' She's been home since January now, and is just starting to settle back in. Sadly, though, there are no new men in her life. 'That doesn't mean I'm not enjoying myself, *au contraire*,' she says, 'I've met up with a lot of my old friends again, and every Saturday we head for *Doctor Brighton's* on the seafront. We have a really great time, as long as there isn't a party conference going on. There's nothing worse than finding the pub full of politicians all discussing the latest opinion polls, etc.'